

A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN

by

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A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A WOMAN in her LATE SIXTIES is packing for a trip. She packs quickly, -- neatly -- everything was stacked and ready before she opened her suitcase. On a NIGHTSTAND, WE SEE a framed photo of a young couple in their twenties -- circa World War II. The man is a G.I.

WE HEAR a car horn honk from outside. The woman is about to close her suitcase when she hesitates. She goes to her closet to get something. It's an old CATCHER'S MITT -- not too badly worn. She looks at it then puts it on. She pounds her fist into the pocket, very professionally. WE HEAR a door open O.C.

MARLA (O.C.)

Ma...

The woman tosses the mitt into her suitcase.

MARLA (O.C. (CONT'D)

(closer now)

You ready, Mom? You don't want to miss your plane.

The woman grabs her suitcase.

DOTTIE

Ready.

EXT. HIGHWAY - OREGON - 1990

Late model cars and highway signs show us that we are contemporary.

INT. CAR - PRESENT

The car is going down the freeway. It's a rural area in the Northwest. A fortyish couple, GARRY and MARLA are in the front. In the back is DOTTIE HINSON. She's dressed in a neat traveling dress. On either side of her are twin GIRLS about eleven years old. They each have Pocket Rockers which they play loudly. However, they're each playing a different song, creating a cacophony. Dottie is thoughtful.

THE TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS

MARLA

Look. I don't care anymore how loud you play those things -- I don't care how lousy the songs are -- but could you at least, both of you, play the same song at the same time?

SUSAN

Make her switch.

SHARON

I started mine first.

MARLA

If you girls keep acting like this, Grandma's gonna go away on that airplane and never come back. Right, Grandma?

DOTTIE

Well, I wouldn't say never.

MARLA

(to Dottie)

Mom, you think Aunt Kit will be there?

DOTTIE

... Couldn't say.

SUSAN

Who's Aunt Kit?

MARLA

Grandma's sister. You remember. She sent you those porcelain dolls a few years ago.

SUSAN

Oh yeah.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She leans forward to look out the window. She SEES an old baseball diamond near an old factory.

SHARON (O.C.)

What'cha looking at, Grandma?

DOTTIE

Garry, could we stop a second?

GARRY

Yeah, sure. What's the matter,
you all right?

He pulls on to the shoulder. Dottie starts to get out.

MARLA

Are you sick, Mom?

SHARON

(grossed out)

Ooh, she's gonna be sick.

DOTTIE

I'm fine.

She gets out of the car and stands there staring at the field. The factory behind the field is old and weathered. Painted on it in FADED LETTERING is "Lukash Dairy."

SHARON

Grandma, what'cha lookin' at?

She continues to stare.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - EARLY 1940'S

With accompanying music (very forties, newsreel, sporty), WE SEE some of the great baseball stars of that era, (Williams, Musial, DiMaggio, Greenberg, Feller) taking draft physicals, being inducted into the service, arriving at basic training bases, or wearing military uniforms. There is an accompanying narration, also very much in the style of the day.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Baseball pitches in for the war effort. Trading bats for bullets, Yankee star Joe DiMaggio promises to give those Nazis a "jolt." Boston's Splendid Splinter, Ted Williams, will put his keen batting eye behind a bomb sight. Baseball's biggest stars say "Look out, Mr. Hitler, the Yanks are coming." Not to mention the Cardinals, Red Sox, and Tigers. And they won't come back 'til it's over, over there.

MUSIC ENDS with a flourish.

INT. CONFERENCE - ROOM - 1940'S

EIGHT middle-aged businessmen are seated around a conference table. WE OPEN on one of the men, RAY FOSTER. Ray is UPSET.

RAY

They're killing us! They're taking all the best players. I've got nothing left but... but... 4-F's and old men and teen-agers. It's a mockery, it's a joke.

ED

Ray, we're all going through the same thing.

RAY

(getting really worked up)

I say we all go to Washington, see Roosevelt and tell him he can't have anymore players. Let him take football players. They're bigger. They'll fight better.

ED

You know, Ray, if your father hadn't died, right now we'd be having an intelligent conversation. Wake up! We're lucky he's leaving us the 4-Fs. If we don't start winning the war, the government's gonna shut us down completely. This could be baseball's last season, boys. Then what do we do?

There's SILENCE ... except for the sound of a baseball being played with on the big oak table.

ANGLE ON WALTER HARVEY

Baseball team owner and candy bar magnate. He's idly BOUNCING a BASEBALL on the table. He looks up as if suddenly aware of the others.

HARVEY

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I interrupt your crying?

JOE

It's easy for you to talk. How the hell are we supposed to make a living? We don't have big candy bar companies, like you.

HARVEY

Not big. The biggest.

JOE

So that's great. So you don't give a damn.

HARVEY

That is not true, Joe. I care about baseball as much as anyone at this table. And that's why I've come up with an idea that might get us through this.

He pauses for dramatic purposes.

JOE

Yeah? What's your idea?

HARVEY

Girls.

There's a brief silence.

RAY

Well, okay, but then it's back to business.

HARVEY

I'm talking about business. Girls' baseball.

RAY

What are you drinking?

HARVEY

(calmly)

Girls don't get drafted, Ray. Also, people like looking at girls. Normal people, Ray, not you.

ED

(dubious)

Yeah, but, I mean... girls don't play baseball.

HARVEY

Girls play softball. Town leagues, factory leagues.

JOE

Softball's not baseball.

(pantomimes throwing like a girl)

This is not baseball.

HARVEY

They can switch. This year while we still have real baseball, we put the girls in some of our minor league towns -- then next year if the government shuts us down, we move the girls into the big parks -- And we stay in business 'til we kick Hitler's flabby ass.

There's a pause.

ED

No one will buy it.

HARVEY

(a little angry)

They'll buy it, because I'll sell it. Why are Harvey bars the number one candy in America?

Pause.

RAY

The nuts?

Harvey looks at him with contempt.

HARVEY

Because we were the first candy to advertise. To sell. To push. It's not the product, it's the promotion. It's not nuts, it's noise. This is Arthur Lowenstein.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

A pleasant man in his thirties.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

He's the man who came up with "velvety brown chocolate goodness." He's a promotional whiz. He's going to do for girls' baseball what he's done for Harvey bars. If you guys don't want in, I'll have it all to myself.

Long pause.

GENE (OLDER GUY)

(to Harvey)

Walter... If this guy can get people to eat those shit bars you make... he can sell anything. I'm in.

BASEBALL DIAMOND -- 1940'S.

It's the same diamond Dottie was staring at before, next to the same factory. Only the "Lukash Dairy" lettering is fresh and new.

A girls' softball game is in progress. A sizeable, enthusiastic CROWD is in attendance. The players have uniforms with team names on them. One team is "Lukash Dairy". The other team is "Stevens Lumber." "Lukash Dairy" is at bat. A GIRL strikes out swinging at a shoulder-high pitch. The crowd GROANS. It's obviously a "Lukash" crowd.

ANGLE ON THE ON-DECK CIRCLE

KIT KELTON gets up from a kneeling position and takes a step toward home plate. Dottie Hinson, her OLDER SISTER, runs over from the dugout carrying a bat. Kit is about seventeen, Dottie's in her early twenties. They're both very EXCITED and NERVOUS about the game.

DOTTIE

Kit.

Kit stops.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

(nervous energy)

Look, Sis, she's getting everybody out up high. Don't swing at that pitch.

KIT

I like that pitch.

DOTTIE

You miss that pitch.

KIT

I'll kill that pitch.

DOTTIE

You ca -- That bat's too heavy. You'll never get it around.

KIT

I will!

DOTTIE

They try to hit to right. Only if she pitches you inside then you have to pull it.

KIT

(annoyed)

I know!

DOTTIE
If it is inside, just open up your
stance a little, 'cause with that
heavy bat --

Dottie starts to demonstrate.

KIT
Why don't you come up there with
me and we can both put our hands
on the bat?

UMPIRE
Batter up!

Kit goes off toward home plate, NERVOUS.

DOTTIE
(calls after Kit)
No high ones.

KIT
I like the high ones!

DOTTIE
Mule!

KIT
Nag!

Dottie kneels down on deck.

ANGLE ON HOME PLATE

Kit steps in. She chases a high fastball and misses, 'swinging late. She looks ANGRY. She sets again for the pitch. Same pitch. Same result. She steps out. She looks over at Dottie.

ANGLE ON ON-DECK CIRCLE

Dottie holds her hand up high and shakes her head "No."

ANGLE ON HOME PLATE

Kit NODS. She steps back in. The pitcher zips a fastball right down the middle. Kit watches it go by for strike three. Kit slams her bat down. She returns to the dugout. She and Dottie don't look at each other as they pass. PEOPLE are BOOING. Dottie steps up to the plate. Her look is very concentrated. Very intense. She begins stretching her lower lip and jaw.

UMPIRE
You all right?

DOTTIE
Yeah, why?

UMPIRE
Play ball.

WE HEAR people calling "Come on, Dottie." The first pitch is a high fastball. She checks her swing.

UMPIRE
Ball.

The pitcher looks disappointed. Another high fastball. Dottie doesn't budge.

UMPIRE
Ball.

Now the pitcher is concerned. The next pitch is down the middle. Dottie uncoils and smashes the ball up the alley in left-center. Two "Lukash" RUNNERS score and a celebration ensues on the field. Dottie, businesslike, walks off the field, accepting congratulations. The FANS mingle with the players as they gather up their equipment. Fans "good-naturedly" josh Kit.

FAN
(to Kit)
She really blew you away out there.
Good thing your sister bailed you
out.

Kit NODS.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

A HAYSEED-TYPE is standing next to a man named CAPPY. Cappy is big-city. He's writing in a pad.

HAYSEED
(to Cappy)
What'cha doin', Mister?

CAPPY
(drily)
This is called "writing." It'll
be around here in a few years.
This girl, this Dottie, she always
plays like this?

HAYSEED
No, not always... Just when there's
a game.
(chuckles at his own
joke)

CAPPY
Listen, Orville --

Wayne. HAYSEED

CAPPY
Next time there's a stampede, try
to get your head out of the way.

Cappy exits.

EXT. FARM - EARLY MORNING

Dottie is in the yard, FEEDING CHICKENS. She's dressed for
work. A RADIO is on the window sill.

RADIO (V.O)
... the feeling is the Battle of
Midway may prove to be the turning
point in the War in the Pacific.

Dottie's mother, MOLLY comes outside from the kitchen.

MOLLY
Finally, some good news.

DOTTIE
Why don't they mention Europe.
Bob's in Europe.

MOLLY
Well, honey, I don't think they're
gonna mention him by name.

DOTTIE
Well, I hope not.

MOLLY
Can you stop at the market on your
way home from work?

DOTTIE
Sure, Ma.

MOLLY
Here's the shopping list. And
here's the ration book.

Kit comes outside. She's got school books.

KIT
'Bye.

MOLLY
Where are you going? It's too
early for school. You have to milk
the cows before you leave.

KIT
I traded days with Dottie.

DOTTIE
Oh, gee!
(apologizing to Kit)
I forgot.

MOLLY
(to Kit, disapprovingly)
Dottie has to go to work, Kit.
By rights, you should take all her
days.

DOTTIE
I still got some time.

Dottie and Kit's dad, BILL enters (not from the house, from outside). He's wiping grease off his hands. He's dressed for farm work.

BILL
Kit, you gonna milk those cows,
or you waitin' for 'em to milk each
other?

DOTTIE
I'm gonna do it.

BILL
That's it. Get Dottie to do your
work. Same old Kit.

Kit, DISGUSTED, walks away FOLLOWING Dottie. We go with them.

DOTTIE AND KIT

Walk towards the barn. Kit is ANGRY at her parents.

KIT
I'll give you a hand.

DOTTIE
Thanks... Where were you goin'?

KIT
I was gonna meet Mitch Swaley
before school.

DOTTIE
Mitch Swaley? He's 4-F.

KIT
Hey, that's all there is. We can't
all be lucky enough to have married
Private Bob.
(more)

KIT (Cont'd)
 America's secret weapon... I'm
 sorry.
 (points back to the
 house)
 They...

DOTTIE
 They love you, you know.

KIT
 (not agreeing)
 Yeah... They shoulda' just had you
 and bought a dog.

DOTTIE
 Bought a dog... you're a corker.

KIT
 I'm just tired of being the other
 daughter.

DOTTIE
 The what?

KIT
 You ever hear Mom or Dad introduce
 us to people? This is my daughter,
 Dottie. This is my other daughter,
 Kit. Or even better -- this is
 Dottie and this is Dottie's sister.

DOTTIE
 (teasing)
 Mitch Swaley likes you.

KIT
 (a little embarrassed)
 Mitch Swaley's one step up from
 datin' pigs.

They both LAUGH.

DOTTIE
 I swear, you oughta be on the
 radio. The things you say...

KIT
 Race you?

DOTTIE
 Go.

They RACE to the barn. They both run very hard. Dottie wins
 by an inch.

INT. BARN - MINUTES LATER

Each girl is milking her own COW.

KIT
How much you got?

DOTTIE
More than you.

They both milk furiously.

CAPPY (O.C.)
(impatiently)
Hey!... Hey!!

Dottie looks over her shoulder.

DOTTIE
(answering)
Hey yourself.

CAPPY
(disgusted by the
milking)
Doesn't that hurt them?

DOTTIE
Doesn't seem to.

CAPPY
Well, it would bruise the hell out
of me.

He comes around so they can look at him while they're milking.

KIT
(to Cappy)
Who has more?

CAPPY
Hm?

KIT
Who has more?

CAPPY
Oh...

(looks)
She does.

(Dottie)
Hey, I didn't come here to judge
the milking contest, all right?
(answering himself)
All right. Jesus, it smells in
here. I'm hoping it's the barn
and not you.

Dottie SQUIRTS him in the eye with one of the udders.

DOTTIE
You want something?

CAPPY
Yeah... How'd you like to go to
Chicago, play some baseball?

DOTTIE
Huh?

CAPPY
Nice retort. They're starting a
girls baseball league.
Professional.

KIT
(excited, to Dottie)
Professional baseball.

CAPPY
They'll pay you seventy-five
dollars a week.

They GASP.

DOTTIE
I only make thirty at the dairy.

CAPPY
(condescending)
Well, then this would be more,
wouldn't it? See, the thing is
you can not only play ball, you're
kind of a dollie. That's what
we're looking for.

DOTTIE
Hey, I'm married. My husband's
overseas --

CAPPY
Relax. I'm talking lookie, no
touchee. It's just that we want
girls who are easy on the eyes.

KIT
I'm ready! I'm ready right now.
Do I gotta sign something?

CAPPY
I don't want you. I want her.
The one who hit the ball. You can
climb back under the cow.

Kit is SHOCKED. Too shocked to get mad.

DOTTIE

She's good. She's very good.

CAPPY

Yeah, I figured she kept missing the ball just to create a breeze.

DOTTIE

No, she's a pitcher. She just didn't pitch yesterday 'cause she pitched the day before.

CAPPY

Thanks for that extra-special glimpse into her life. I want you. You I saw, you I like. What do you say? There's a train leaving for Chicago, tomorrow.

DOTTIE

Tomorrow?...

Dottie begins to STRETCH her JAW.

CAPPY

What is that?

DOTTIE

Hm? Oh it's just something I do when I get...

CAPPY

Well, stop it. Come on, what do you say? Are you in?

DOTTIE

Uh... no thanks.

KIT

Dottie!

CAPPY

No thanks?

(shrugs)

Hey, no skin off my Ashtabula. Only when I walk out of here, that's it. You'll never see this face again.

DOTTIE

(looks up)

Thank you.

CAPPY

Ha-ha.

He starts out. Kit chases him.

KIT

Wait. Can't you just watch me pitch? Dottie get your glove, I'll throw a few.

CAPPY

Nah, nah, nah. I know the goods when I see the goods. She's the goods.

(points to Dottie)

He turns to go, then stops. He has an idea.

CAPPY (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what though. If she comes I'll take you, too. If you stink, it'll only cost us a train ticket. Hm?

Kit looks desperately at Dottie. There's a silent moment.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING

→ INT. FARMHOUSE - BATHROOM

Dottie is WASHING her HANDS for dinner. Kit is NAGGING HER in a loud whisper.

KIT

Look, let's just try it. If I don't make it then we can both come home and if I do, then after a while, you can go home and I'll stay. I just need you so they'll give me a chance.

DOTTIE

We can't be "professional baseball players."

The way she says those last three words makes the idea sound absurd.

KIT

Why not?

DOTTIE

(lowers her voice)

Hey, come on. You remember that girls semi-pro team from Portland that came out here a few months ago?

KIT
(winces)
Oh yeah.

DOTTIE
They all looked like Uncle Ted.
Remember, how everybody looked at
those girls. You want everyone
to look at us like that?

KIT
(a thought)
No, wait. The scout said he didn't
want those girls. He wants
dollies.
(she grabs Dottie's face
and side-by-side they
look in the mirror)
We're dollies.

Dottie LAUGHS.

DOTTIE
Yeah, right. Ava Gardner and Rita
Hayworth, that's us.
(waves derisively)

KIT
Come on, we'd have fun. You love
to play ball. So why --

DOTTIE
I don't love to play ball.

KIT
Then why do you play?

DOTTIE
You know... the Dairy gives me an
afternoon off every week -- with
pay... and, with Bob gone I
need... things to do. If he were
still here, we'd have started a
family of our own by now...

Dottie looks a little SAD, then...

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
You'd be Aunt Kit.

KIT
I want to play baseball. I want
to get out of here.

DOTTIE
Well, I don't. Besides -- what
would Dad say?

MOLLY (O.C.)

Dinner.

Dottie exits. Kit is FRUSTRATED.

INT. KITCHEN

The four of them are EATING. There's no conversation. Bill CLEARS his THROAT. MOLLY reacts instantly, DROPPING her FORK.

MOLLY

Do you need anything?

BILL

Nope.

They go back to eating.

KIT

(suddenly)

Do you have anything against Dottie going to Chicago to play baseball?

MOLLY

What?!

Dottie CRINGES.

DOTTIE

Kit...

KIT

A scout wants Dottie to play baseball in a professional women's league. And if she goes I can go, too. Do you have anything against it?

Both parents look CONFUSED. Dottie starts to speak, but decides to let her father respond, first.

BILL

Dottie's a married woman now. She doesn't need my say-so.

KIT

(to Dottie)

All right, let's go pack.

DOTTIE

Katherine Agnes, I'm gonna whack you with a chicken cutlet.

BILL

You don't waste food in this house, young lady.

KIT

But, Dottie, we're good. We're really good.

MOLLY

At baseball?

KIT

Don't you want to know how good you really are?

Bill GLARES AT Molly.

MOLLY

Kit, you're disturbing your father's dinner hour.

But Kit's all wound up now.

KIT

... Look, Dad, let's say you were the best farmer in the county.

BILL

I'm not.

KIT

Well, let's say you were.

BILL

I'm not.

KIT

But let's say you were. And they were gonna bring the best farmers from every county -- all across the country -- to one place. You know, to see how good you were. To see if you were really the best.

BILL

I'm not.

KIT

(frustrated)

But Dottie is! And maybe I am. And I want to know. And I think Dottie does, too.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

Kit has hit her where she feels it.

MOLLY

(nods)

It's like my apple pie. Sometimes I wonder... is it the best?

Pause.

BILL
It's not.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A TRAIN is in the station being boarded and loaded with luggage.

INT. TRAIN

Cappy is seated next to a MAN in a business suit. As the man talks, Cappy seems very interested in what he's saying.

MAN
Your basic broom and dustpan will soon be obsolete. The vacuum system is how America will clean from now on. In the Pacific Northwest -- which is my territory -- we've increased sales 106 per cent in the last twelve-month period. And this with a war on.

Cappy NODS thoughtfully.

CAPPY
You know if I had your job, I'd kill myself.
(gets up)
Sit here, I'll see if I can dig up a pistol.

Cappy heads down the aisle. The train LURCHES FORWARD, causing him to STAGGER slightly. He continues along, then something catches his eye.

CAPPY'S P.O.V.

Through the window, WE SEE Dottie and Kit, with suitcases, running for the train.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

Dottie and Kit, RUNNING and SCREAMING at the train to "Wait."

INT. TRAIN

CAPPY
I'll say one thing for them, they can run.

Cappy goes OUT OF the car and REACHES OUT for them. First, he grabs Dottie and hoists her up. Then he reaches for Kit, but now the train's moving pretty quickly. Kit LUNGES and Cappy and Dottie grab her.

Kit's SUITCASE OPENS. She's pulled up on to the train as her belongings fall out along the tracks.

DOTTIE
(as calmly as possible)
We figure we'll try it.

EXT. TRACKS

The train pulls away in the distance.

EXT. FARM AREA

The train speeds along.

INT. TRAIN

Cappy is READING, while Dottie and Kit look out the window.

KIT
What state are we in?

CAPPY
Confusion.

Cappy PULLS OUT a CIGAR. He looks at Dottie.

CAPPY
(sharply)
I smoke cigars. Big cigars. If
you don't like it, you can sit
somewhere else?

DOTTIE
How come you weren't drafted?

CAPPY
(lighting up)
They kept me here to boost morale.

EXT. MOUNTAIN AREA

The train continues along.

INT. TRAIN DINING CAR - DAY

Dottie and Kit are EATING. They both eat with gusto. Farm appetites. They don't talk. They chew, they swallow, they reach for things, they butter rolls, but they don't talk. Kit SMILES at someone OFF-CAMERA.

ANGLE ON TWO BUSINESS MEN

TWO fortyish BUSINESS MEN are giving Kit the eye, smiling at her.

ANGLE ON KIT AND DOTTIE

Kit CONTINUES to smile at the two men. Dottie notices.

DOTTIE
What are you doing?

KIT
Those guys are lookin' at me.

DOTTIE
Well don't look back.

KIT
They're all right. They have suits.

DOTTIE
So did Dillinger.

Dottie gets up and goes down the car to where Cappy is playing in a POKER GAME. Cappy is holding the deck.

CAPPY
What do you mean, you're out of money? Dig through your pockets.

DOTTIE
Mr. Capadino?

CAPPY
(not looking up)
What's the matter, honey? Miss the cows?

DOTTIE
You know, you're not nice.

CAPPY
Ooh, that one hurt.

DOTTIE
When do we get to Chicago?

CAPPY

We gotta make a stop first. Fort Collins, Colorado. There's another girl I gotta take a look at.

DOTTIE

(to the other players)
He's bluffing.

She walks away. Cappy reacts.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

A large old-fashioned gymnasium/field house. It's RAINING.

INT. GYMNASIUM

A baseball practice is in progress.

ANGLE ON THE HITTER

She's an eighteen year old girl named MARLA. Marla is tomboyish. There's nothing feminine about her. She's not masculine -- just no real sense of her being a girl. She's hitting pitched baseballs-hard-one after another-every one. PULL BACK to REVEAL that the PITCHER and all the other players who are watching, are college-age boys. WE SEE the baseballs Marla is hitting rattle off walls, gym equipment, bleachers.

Two older men (between forty and fifty) are watching. One is a COACH. He looks unhappy. One is Dave. He's "helping" Marla by giving her body English on every swing. He watches her intensely. Once she glances over at Dave. He raises his left elbow. She NODS and belts another one.

COACH

(to pitcher)

Is she gonna miss one? She's a girl for chrissake.

PITCHER

(lamely)

She's good.

COACH

(mocking, sissy-like)

She's good. She's good.

DAVE

What do you think, Charlie? You can take her with you to the tournament. She'd do a job for you.

COACH

Dave, I can't. She's a girl.

DAVE

That's not her fault. We'll give her a haircut. We'll push her down on top.

(indicates breasts)

No one has to know.

The Coach watches her belt a few more. He's tempted. But...

COACH

Dave, she's a girl. If she were a boy, I'd be glad to take her.

DAVE

If she were a boy do you think I'd be begging some dip-shit American Legion coach to take her to some little regional tournament? I'd be in New York talking to the Yankees. Instead of living with my daughter in a gym.

Dave walks away.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Okay, Marla, now lefty.

The guys all GROAN. She goes to the other side of the plate. She hits a ball hard. WE FOLLOW the flight of the ball as it arcs across the gym. It brings us to Dottie, Kit and Cappy, who are standing there with their luggage, all a little wet. Dottie drops her suitcase and CATCHES the BALL. All three are impressed by Marla's hitting.

INT. GYM - A FEW MINUTES - LATER

Marla is standing before Cappy. She's clearly ILL-AT-EASE. She doesn't like to be looked at. Her shoulders are up and her eyes are down.

CAPPY

(to Dave)

She's your daughter?

DAVE

(nods)

Her Mom's dead. It's just the two of us.

CAPPY

And a good-looking man like you couldn't re-marry?

Cappy stares at Marla again.

CAPPY (CONT'D)
Uh... we'll let you know.
(to the sisters)
Let's go.

DOTTIE
What's the matter?

CAPPY
(sotto)
I can't use her.

DOTTIE
She's great. What's the problem?

Cappy SHAKES his HEAD

CAPPY
You know General Omar Bradley?

DOTTIE
Yeah...

CAPPY
Well, there's too strong a
resemblance.

KIT
You mean you ain't takin' her
because she ain't pretty?

CAPPY
Gee, you're fast. Let's go.

Dave approaches.

DAVE
(to Cappy)
Mister... I know my girl ain't so
pretty like these girls. But
that's my fault. I raised her like
I would a boy. I didn't know any
better. She loves to play. Don't
make my little girl suffer 'cause
I messed up raisin' her. Please.

Cappy is a little uncomfortable. He's struggling with himself.

CAPPY
Ah... let's go.

He walks away.

DOTTIE
All three of us?

CAPPY
Yeah. Yeah. Come on, we got a
train to catch.
(to the male players)
You guys stink.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

It's a tiny apartment over the gym.

Marla comes OUT OF the bathroom with her hair wet. It's combed boyishly.

Dave is PACKING her suitcase.

DAVE
Almost forgot.

He gets her baseball GLOVE. It's old and raggedy. Dave looks at it sorrowfully.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I wish you had a decent mitt.

MARLA
I think, maybe, I better not go.

DAVE
No, you can relace it. It'll be okay.

MARLA
No. I mean... who's gonna take care of you? Cook for you and help you take care of the gym?

DAVE
Don't worry about that. You're gonna play baseball!

MARLA
I'm not gonna know anybody.

DAVE
Marla... Nothing's ever gonna happen here... You gotta go where things happen.

MARLA
(bursts into tears)
I love you, Daddy...

She HUGS him tight. He hugs her back.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

The train PULLS OUT leaving Dave on the platform.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The train travels across the prairie.

INT. CHICAGO - TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Cappy and the girls, with their luggage, walk through the station. They stare WIDE-EYED at their surroundings. They've never seen anything like this. The station is filled with SERVICEMEN and BANNERS exhorting wartime spirit. The girls are in awe.

THREE SERVICEMEN are on the platform with their duffel bags. Two are with their GIRLFRIENDS. A SERGEANT comes by.

SERGEANT

Last good-bye, boys. Let's go.

The Sergeant moves on. The two guys with girls, are KISSED good-bye passionately. The third guy -- about eighteen and looking very SCARED and lost -- gazes at the lovers enviously.

Kit suddenly drops her suitcase, dashes up to him and KISSES him passionately. Then she runs back to her group. The soldier, at first STUNNED, then SMILES. His whole aspect has changed. Confidently, he hoists his duffel bag on to his shoulder and boards his train.

Dottie looks at Kit in wonder. Kit SMILES HAPPILY and they all move on.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Cappy and the girls enter. It's a big lobby.

The girls SEE WOMEN, fashionably dressed, made-up and smoking cigarettes. Kit, especially, stares at them.

Two young MEN in suits come up behind the fashionable girls and tap them on the shoulders. The girls turn around, recognize the men, KISS them, and they all go out together, LAUGHING and smiling as our girls watch. Cappy is checking them in. Cappy returns to them with a room KEY and a BELLHOP.

CAPPY

Okay, all set.

The bellhop grabs Marla's suitcase. She hangs on.

MARLA

Hey!

They both tug on it.

CAPPY

Hey! Hey! Jungle woman! It's
all right. He's the bellhop. He's
on your side.

Reluctantly she lets go.

CAPPY (CONT'D)

(to all three)

Here's your key. Tryouts are
tomorrow morning, Harvey Field.
A bus will pick you up in front
of the hotel at ten. If you're
not out there, they'll leave
without you. It's been a little
slice of heaven. Good-bye.

DOTTIE

Wait. You're leaving?

CAPPY

Aw, dry those eyes. Yeah, I'm just
going home, grab a shave and a
shower, give the wife a little
pickle tickle and I'm back out on
the road. See you.

DOTTIE

Yeah, but --

CAPPY

But what? Bus! Out front! Ten
o'clock! That's it!

He turns to leave. He turns back to them.

CAPPY (CONT'D)

(a little softer)

All right, look ... let me tell
you a story. When I was eighteen
years old, I wanted to get into
baseball in the worst way. I had
an uncle who knew a guy in the
White Sox organization. I take
the trolley out to Comiskey Park
before the game and they let me
go out on the field. I turn around
and there he is... Babe Ruth. I
practically faint right there.

(more)

CAPPY (Cont'd)

Then he says to me "Kid" -- my heart's pounding through my shirt -- he says "Kid... go get me a hot dog." Well I'm Johnny-on-the-spot. I jump over the railing, get him a dog, run back with it -- Boom, he knocks it down. He says, "Get me another one." Two hours I'm running back-and-forth in the heat watching this guy suckin' down hot dogs, one after the other. All of a sudden he starts to choke -- the Babe. I jump up on his back and start kicking him between the shoulders. Ba-bop, ba-bop, ba-bop. Finally this meat rocket comes flying out of his face and I climb off. See my point?

The girls are BEWILDERED.

DOTTIE

No.

CAPPY

They were so grateful I got a job in the scouting department. See?

DOTTIE

What's that got to do with us?

CAPPY

You? This story's about me.

(annoyed)

Where do you come to be in my story? I just met you. Ten o'clock. Bus.

(walks away)

I save Babe Ruth from gagging on a wiener and she wants to know what it's got to do with her. The crust on some people.

(shoves a guy who was in his way)

Look out.

He exits, leaving the girls alone, CONFUSED and SPEECHLESS.

INT. STADIUM TUNNEL - DAY

Dottie and Kit, unrecognizable in the gloomy darkness of the tunnel, clatter along the cement in their spikes. They reach the runway opening to the field and go up.

EXT. STADIUM DAY

The girls emerge into bright SUNLIGHT. The stadium towers up over them. They GAPE up at the grandstands.

Girls are all over the field. They are all wearing their home-town uniforms. Dottie and Kit are in their Dairy uniforms. A few of the girls are playing catch, but most are just standing around uncomfortably in many very small groups. A lot of girls are even completely by themselves. Dottie is stretching her jaw as she looks around.

KIT
(whispers)
You're doing it.

Dottie realizes and stops.

Kit NUDGES Dottie and points to where MAE and DORIS, are playing catch. Mae is playing catch while smoking a butt.

They're burning the ball at each other and constantly walking towards each other as they do, but still throwing just as hard. Finally, when they're just a few steps apart, Doris can't handle a throw. She GRIMACES. Mae LAUGHS. She turns and SEES the sisters.

MAE
What are you looking at?

DOTTIE
Nothing.

KIT
Are all these girls gonna be in the league?

MAE
You wish. They're gonna have four teams -- sixteen girls on a team.

DOTTIE
Sixty-four girls.

DORIS
What are you, a genius?

MAE
They've got over a hundred girls here. So some of you are going home.

KIT
(feisty)
What do you mean some of us?

Mae SMIRKS and fires the ball at them. Dottie snap-catches it BAREHANDED. Mae and Doris exchange a look of surprise.

MAE

Okay, some of them are going home.

INT. TEA ROOM - DAY

An awful MIDDLE-AGED BIDDY in a hat is seated at a table with a microphone on it. She is reading copy into the microphone.

BIDDY

Careers and higher education are leading to the masculinization of women with enormously dangerous consequences to the home, the children, and our country. When our boys come home from war, what kind of girls will they be coming home to? And now the most disgusting example of this sexual confusion. Mr. Walter Harvey of Harvey Bars is presenting us with women's baseball.

EXT. STADIUM

A full-scale formal tryout is in progress.

As WE PAN the field, WE SEE GIRLS sprinting and being timed by MEN with stopwatches, girls working on sliding, fielding, throwing, hitting, pitching; all under male supervision. Dottie is in her catcher's gear with several other catchers lined up to throw. She's the best. In another area, Kit is PITCHING. She's fast but wild. She glances at the men NERVOUSLY. One of them gives her a pointer regarding her follow-through. She follows the advice and does better. Over all this, WE HEAR the Biddy.

BIDDY (V.O.)

Right here in Chicago young girls, plucked from their families, are gathered at Harvey Field to see which of them can be the most masculine. Mr. Harvey, like your candy bars, you are completely nuts.

EXT. HARVEY FIELD - DAY

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

A SECRETARY is taping up sheets of paper to the dugout wall. It's very quiet.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

The GIRLS are all gathered in the infield. There's a lot of TENSION.

CHARLIE

Your name will be on one of these five lists. "Rockford," "South Bend," "Kenosha." "Racine"... or "Cut."

ANGLE ON THE GIRLS GROWING MORE TENSE

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

If your name's on the "Cut" list please see Miss Johnson in the locker room. She'll arrange your transportation home.

ANGLE ON KIT

Very NERVOUS.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

Working her jaw.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

All right... find your names.

The girls surge forward INTO the DUGOUT. Dottie holds back acting cooler than the others -- as if she's not that interested. Girls begin SCREAMING -- some in delight, some in anguish. There's much happy CHATTER and some MOANING. Kit reaches the dugout wall. She scans the wall hungrily. She SHRIEKs and BOLTS OUT of the dugout. She races to Dottie. She JUMPS, PLAYFULLY, ON Dottie knocking her down. They're both on the ground. Kit sitting on top of her.

KIT

I'm a Peach!

DOTTIE

You're a what?

KIT

A Rockford Peach. I made it! I can stay!

DOTTIE

(whispers)

Kit...

KIT

What?

DOTTIE
(whispers)
You're sitting on my breasts.

KIT
Sorry.

She helps her up.

KIT (CONT'D)
If my name wasn't up there I was
gonna kill myself. I was --

DOTTIE
Kit.

Kit stops.

DOTTIE
Did, uh...

KIT
What?

DOTTIE
Did you notice if... I...

KIT
Oh! I got so excited.

Kit RUNS BACK to the dugout where the crowd is starting to thin out. She searches the wall. She looks SURPRISED. She looks back at Dottie, an AMAZED LOOK on her face.

Dottie goes PALE. She's STUNNED. She's really feeling bad.

KIT
Oh, wait. I keep forgetting --
I'm looking for Dottie Kelton and
it's Dorothy Hinson. There you
are. Rockford, with me.

Dottie EXHALES. She re-assumes her cool.

DOTTIE
Oh, good. That'll be nice. You
know, 'til I... go back.

Dottie turns away from Kit and shows how relieved she is.

EXT. HARVEY FIELD - DAY

ANGLE ON THE GIRLS

They are gathered in four groups in front of the dugout.
They're very EXCITED.

One girl, SHIRLEY, stands alone in the dugout.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Okay, come on, settle down. We've
got a lot to do. Okay men --
ladies --
(shakes his head)
Too many years. Congratulations.
You are the first --

He SEES Shirley.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Honey, are you supposed to be here
or are you on the cut list?

Shirley looks ready to CRY.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry, but if you're on
the cut list, you have to leave
the field. We'll arrange for your
transportation home.

She doesn't move.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(losing patience)
Were you cut?

SHIRLEY
I... don't know.

CHARLIE
(a little annoyed)
Just look on the wall.

Shirley stares at the board helplessly. One of the players,
ELLEN SUE GOTLANDER, hurries over to Shirley.

ELLEN SUE
(Southern accent, sotto))
Can you read, honey?

Shirley, EMBARRASSED, shakes her head "no."

ELLEN SUE
(gently)
What's your name?

SHIRLEY
Shirley Baker.

Ellen Sue looks at the board.

ELLEN SUE
 (points)
 This is you. You're with us.
 You're a Rockford Peach.

She almost cries with relief. She looks at Charlie for confirmation.

CHARLIE
 (gently)
 Go join your team.

She RUNS to the Rockford where we SEE, among others, Dottie, Marla, Mae, Doris and Kit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 As I was saying. Congratulations.
 You are the first members of the
 All-American Girls Baseball League.

The girls CHEER and APPLAUD.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 I'm Charlie Collins. I used to
 play third base for Detroit.

The girls APPLAUD.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 I wasn't that good. I'll be
 managing the Racine team when the
 season starts. After practice
 today, you all have to get fitted
 for uniforms. This is what they're
 gonna look like.

A pretty young LADY emerges from the dugout. Proudly and professionally, she minces about in a very un-baseball way, showing it off. The players react in dismay. There's a babble of objections. The uniform is very "girlish", including a short skirt.

DORIS
 That's not a baseball uniform!

MAE
 What are we, ballplayers or
 ballerinas?

BETTY
 (out loud)
 Well, I can't play ball in that.

Others agree more quietly. Others just look nervous. Arthur emerges from the dugout. He's very calm, but very FIRM.

ARTHUR

If you can't play ball in that,
you can't play ball with us. Right
now, there are thirty-eight girls
getting train tickets home who'll
play in a bathing suit if I ask
'em.

This quiets everyone down.

MAE

(breaking the tension)
There's no pockets for my
cigarettes.

Some LAUGHTER.

ARTHUR

There's also no smoking. And no
drinking. And no men.

A BUZZ goes through the girls but it quiets quickly. Mae starts
to leave. Doris pulls her back down.

DORIS

Sit down.

ARTHUR

(pushing harder)
All your social engagements will
be cleared through your team
chaperones.

The girls look at each other, SILENTLY.

MARLA

(whispers)
What's a chaperones?

Another girl SHRUGS.

ARTHUR

(louder)
Plus each of you will have regular
classes at charm and beauty school.
(even louder)
Every girl in this league will be
a lady!.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - EARLY 1940'S

Lively, SPORTY MUSIC. A title card - "Diamond Gals" Newsreel
footage taken at Harvey Field. WE SEE girls pour out of the
dugout runway on to the field one-by-one. They all look happy,
but a little camera conscious.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 They find them everywhere. North,
 East, South, and West, and even
 Canada. Players for the new
 All-American Girls Baseball League.

SHOTS OF THE GIRLS EXERCISING AND PLAYING CATCH.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Rosie isn't just riveting anymore.
 Although some of these girls are
 pretty riveting.

A SHOT OF A PLAYER USING A COMPACT TO POWDER HER NOSE.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 After all legging out a triple is
 no reason to let your nose get
 shiny. Betty Grable has nothing
 on these girls. This is Alice
 Henry.

CLOSE-UP

Of ALICE HENRY, in uniform. She's kind of cute.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She's not only been a member of
 several championship amateur teams,
 she's also an accomplished
 coffee-maker.

Alice is seen POURING COFFEE for a MALE FAN in the stands.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Betty Horn enjoys cooking spaghetti
 and knitting.

A CLOSE-UP

Of Betty in uniform. She holds up a sweater. She has a big
 STIFF SMILE.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Ellen Sue Gotlander is a former
 Miss Georgia.

CLOSE-UP

Of ELLEN SUE. She WINKS.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (high-pitched)
 Yow!... Some of the girls like
 pretty Dottie Hinson even have
 husbands.

A CLOSE-UP

Of Dottie. She looks a little EMBARRASSED.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mm-mm! And there's her kid sister
Kit.

A CLOSE-UP of Kit. She's not embarrassed at all.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Enough concentrated oomph for a
whole carload of Hollywood
starlets... And how about Marla
Hooch.

A SHOT OF MARLA.

But unlike the other girls, she's set way back from the camera,
so we can barely see her.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What a hitter!

The MUSIC RISES to a finish.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What a league! But girls playing
baseball?

WE SEE A SNAPPY DOUBLE-PLAY OVER A SLIDING RUNNER.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm convinced.

MUSIC ENDS with a flourish.

INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

WE OPEN on JIMMY DUGAN. He's about forty. He's a little out
of shape.

HARVEY
You still drinking, Jimmy?

JIMMY
No sir, not a bit.

HARVEY
You've seen the error of your ways?

JIMMY
No, sir, I just can't afford it.

He starts to LAUGH, then realizes this was not an appropriate
joke for this situation and stops.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(clears his throat)
I've got one of your delicious
candy bars stuck in my throat.

HARVEY
I'm thinking of giving you another
managing job.

JIMMY
(very pleased)
Mr. Harvey, I'll do a much better
job this time.

HARVEY
You kinda' let me down in that San
Antonio job.

JIMMY
I realize that, sir. I had no
right to sell off the team's
equipment. And I freely admit
that.

HARVEY
I want you to manage one of the
new girls' teams.

Jimmy is STUNNED. He looks STRICKEN.

JIMMY
What... You...

HARVEY
You're still a name. People
remember you. You step out of the
dugout before each game, wave your
little hat in the air, give the
people a thrill.

JIMMY
Why don't we get an organ grinder
and I can also dance?

HARVEY
That's up to you. If your knees
are up to it...

JIMMY
Mr. Harvey, I hit four hundred,
eighty-seven home runs for your
club. I'm third on the all-time
list. Doesn't that count for
anything?

HARVEY
You bet... That's why you're
getting this job. Take it or leave
it.

INT. CHARM SCHOOL

We're in a MODELING STUDIO.

A MATRONLY FEMALE INSTRUCTOR is walking in a very, affected,
ultra-lady-like way. She's waving her arm swan-like.

INSTRUCTOR
Gracefully and grandly. Gracefully
and grandly.

A line of about ten GIRLS ballplayers are following her. It's
semi-pitiful. They're trying, but who walks like this?

EXT. BALLPARK

A SHORTSTOP dives into the hole to spear a line drive, hitting
the ground hard.

INT. CHARM SCHOOL

GIRLS are shakily attempting to walk with books on their heads.
It's very hard.

INSTRUCTOR
Posture, ladies, posture.

EXT. BALLPARK

A GIRL makes a headfirst bellyflop slide into third base.

INT. CHARM SCHOOL

SIX GIRLS in a row are in unison sitting and crossing their legs
lady-like.

INSTRUCTOR
Skirts down. A lady reveals
nothing.

EXT. BALLPARK

A GIRL catches a flyball and crashes into the fence knocking
herself to the ground. Her dress flies up.

INT. CHARM SCHOOL

An INSTRUCTOR is teaching the girls how to sip tea daintily.

INSTRUCTOR
Sip. Don't slurp.

EXT. BALLPARK

A GIRL takes a drink from the dugout water fountain, sloshes it around in her mouth, then SPITS it out on the floor.

INT. CHARM SCHOOL

Several GIRLS are standing lined up shoulder-to-shoulder. They all look UNCOMFORTABLE. MR. MAURICE (a gay person -- a flamboyant gay person -- examines the girls one-by-one). A young WOMAN FOLLOWS him taking notes.

MAURICE
(touching the first girl
as he talks -- quickly)
The hair, soften and shorten. The
eyebrows, thin and separate, there
should be two. Lipstick, the same
I use with Ava.
(to the player)
Go, you're done, you're done.
Lumber off.

Next in line is ELLEN SUE GOTLANDER, the former Miss Georgia.

MAURICE
Oh yes. The former Miss Alabama.

ELLEN
Miss Georgia.

MAURICE
Oh yes, there's a big difference.
Well, some like this look,
apparently. Go, good-bye. Go,
good-bye.

Next in line is Kit.

MAURICE
Very nice, very nice. Farmgirl,
clean, healthy. Very Teresa
Wright. "Pride of the Yankees."
"Oh you're sick, Lou, you're
sick."

He moves on to Dottie.

MAURICE

Oh my. Mr. Maurice predicts that you

(gestures flamboyantly
with both index fingers)

will be a star.

(holds Dottie's face)

Love those bones.

DOTTIE

(self-deprecating)

I have a pointy nose.

MAURICE

Please... Does Greta Garbo call you at five in the morning? "Please, Mr. Maurice, come over, do something. I look like Swedish shit." I just want you to let your hair grow and comb it down.

DOTTIE

I can't. It'll get stuck in my mask.

MAURICE

This girl they're making wear a mask? Can't you play any other position like shortstuff.

DOTTIE

Well, no, I --

MAURICE

All right, all right. This sport is doomed.

He moves on. Marla is next. He stares at her.

ASSISTANT

What do you suggest?

MAURICE

A lot of night games.

He moves on to Mae.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

(negative)

Now you --

She grabs him by the lapels.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

-- are perfect.

Mae lets him go.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

WE OPEN ON a CLOSE-UP of a uniform shirt. It reads "Rockford Peaches." PULL BACK to reveal that it's Dottie's shirt. There are about sixteen girls in the room, all in Rockford uniforms. They are all anxiously waiting for something. One girl is running her FINGERNAILS OVER a bar of SOAP. Mae is applying LIPSTICK.

DORIS
Here, let me help.

She SHOVES Mae's hand so that lipstick goes up her cheek. Mae stares at her, COLDLY.

DORIS
I like it.

ALICE
It's almost game time. Where is he?

BETTY
I can't wait to meet him. I was listening to the radio when he hit that home run off Hubbell to win the pennant. I'm gonna get him to sign my husband's baseball card.

She shows the card. Helen reaches for it.

BETTY
(pulling it back)
Careful. Anything happens to this card, George will come all the way back from the Pacific and kill me.

Marla is sitting on a stool, TRANCE-LIKE staring at her glove. Kit passes.

KIT
New glove, Marla?

Marla looks up. There are TEARS in her eyes.

MARLA
My Dad sent it...
(looks at it)

KIT
It's a beauty.

MARLA
Musta' cost him a week's pay.

Kit puts her arm around her.

ALICE
(holding an urn)
Coffee?

Suddenly the locker room door SMASHES OPEN. All heads turn. Jimmy is REVEALED in the doorway. He's got a little buzz on. He looks around the room with malice. The girls are unnerved. SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY, he crosses through the room without speaking. They all just watch. He OPENS a door, REVEALING a toilet. With his back to us and the girls, WE SEE him UNDO his FLY. He doesn't shut the door. He begins to PEE. WE HEAR it. It goes on... and on. It is the world's longest pee. Call Guinness. The girls just watch and listen, blankly. Finally, he's done. He FLUSHES and ZIPS UP. He walks back toward the door through which he entered. Betty steps up.

BETTY
Mr. Dugan, would you sign my card?

Without changing stride or expression, he takes her card, tears it in half and gives it back to her. He exits. There's a moment of SILENCE.

MAE
Boy, that was some good peeing.

ALICE
(upset)
What do we do, he didn't give us
a line-up?

All the girls begin to express their FEAR and CONCERN.

EVELYN
We can't play without a line-up.

The girls, in a babble, begin to choose a line-up. They're in conflict -- objecting to each other's proposals. Kit is in the middle of it, telling everyone who'll listen, that she is to pitch. Someone asks "Why shouldn't Shirley pitch?" The various arguments are becoming heated. Dottie watches this, concerned.

DOTTIE
(yells over the babble)
Hey, come on. How hard can it be
to make a line-up?

The noise stops. They all stare at her.

DORIS
All right, Oregon, you do it.

DOTTIE
Me?

DORIS
Yeah, you.

ANGLE ON BETTY

BETTY
(looking at the ripped
card)
Maybe George won't notice.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

DOTTIE
(hesitantly)
All right. Mae, center field,
lead-off.

MAE
She's good.

DOTTIE
Doris in left, I'll catch, Marla,
second base, clean-up, Ellen Sue
at short, Evelyn at first,... uh,
Betty in right, Alice at third and
pitcher is...

Dottie looks at Shirley, then at Kit. Kit's about to burst.

DOTTIE
... Kit.

Kit SMILES.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
Simple signs. Bunt
(rubs her shoulder)
steal,
(brushes her chest)
take
(touches her cap)

They all stare at her.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
Well, come on, let's go.

With some confidence restored, the girls head OUT OF the locker
room. Dottie gets her catcher's gear. Alice and Evelyn pass.

EVELYN
How's come Kit's pitchin' instead
of Shirley?

ALICE
(shrugging, no malice
intended)
Dottie's sister.

Evelyn NODS as if to say "Sure. That makes sense." Kit HEARS this. She stops smiling.

Dottie comes by, all EXCITED.

DOTTIE
Did you see that? I made a
line-up.

KIT
Swell.

They exit.

EXT. ROCKFORD BALLPARK - DAY

There's a small CROWD in the stands. In the front row is Arthur. He looks around checking the house. He's not delighted. With him is the woman from the charm school, who led the "Gracefully and Grandly" walk. Jimmy steps OUT OF the dugout and plays his part. He WAVES to the crowd. They CHEER. He's SMILING broadly.

JIMMY
(to himself, while still
smiling)
This is bullshit. I'd like each
and every one of you to kiss my
ass.
(still smiling)
That's right. Kiss my big, hairy
ass.

He WAVES again, then goes down in the dugout.

P.A. MAN
Ladies and gentlemen, in the first
ever game of the All-American Girls
Baseball League, your own Rockford
Peaches.

The girls take the field. There is some APPLAUSE, some LAUGHTER, some WOLF WHISTLING, but the general tone is one of amused contempt.

In the dugout, Jimmy SHAKES his HEAD in disgust.

A GUY in the stands rolls his PANTS UP over his knees and begins mincing around.

FAN
(falsetto)
Look at me, I'm a ballplayer.

His BUDDIES LAUGH.

FAN (CONT'D)
 (falsetto)
 Better look out, I'll break a nail.

On the field, Alice takes a warm-up grounder at third base. She fires across the infield wide of first. The throw goes into the stands HITTING the Fan in the CHEST. He MOANS and CRUMPLES TO the ground.

ALICE
 (innocently, to the
 infielders)
 It slipped.

Jimmy is impressed.

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

Dottie is on deck FLASHING SIGNALS. Mae is up, she gets a single. The bases are loaded. Kit, Betty and Mae are the runners. Dottie steps up. She belts the first pitch out of the park. When the ball clears the fence, all four girls do the "Gracefully and Grandly" walk around the bases. The girls on the bench crack up. The FANS, though not in on the joke, enjoy it. The charm teacher beams with pride. Arthur, next to her, hides a GIGGLE.

EXT. BALLPARK

It's getting DARKER. Kit out on the mound, is tired. She fires a pitch. The batter swings and misses and Kit leaps in the air, ecstatic. The game's over. Dottie rushes out to her and hands her the game ball. Kit is the happiest we've ever seen her. She HUGS Dottie. The other Peaches come by and give Kit a lot of "nice game," "way to chuck" etc. Kit loves it. The girls on the other team also congratulate each other, but more solemnly. The crowd APPLAUDS more respectfully than before. WE SEE from the expressions on the fan's faces and from scattered bits of conversations, that they thought the game was pretty good.

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

The girls gather up their gear and go. Jimmy is still sitting there. He's CHEWING TOBACCO, which he gets out of a small bag. Arthur joins him in the dugout.

ARTHUR
 Nice piece of coaching, Jimmy.
 I especially liked that move in
 the fifth inning when you scratched
 your balls for an hour.

JIMMY

Anything worth doing is worth doing right.

ARTHUR

Yeah, until you did that, I couldn't tell if you were drunk or dead.

JIMMY

It was made very clear to me why I'm here. Smile and wave my little hat. I did it. When do I get paid?

ARTHUR

Look, Jimmy, it's the uniforms and the publicity that'll get people to come. But it'll have to be the baseball that gets them to come back. Now you've got some pretty good ballplayers here and if you'd --

JIMMY

Ballplayers?! I haven't got any ballplayers! I got girls. Ballplayers aren't girls. Does this sound right to you? "Oh, a hot smash down to third. Wow, it's stuck between her breasts." Does that sound right? Girls are what we sleep with after the game. Not what we coach during the game.

ARTHUR

(sarcastic)

Listen, if we paid you more, could you be more disgusting?

JIMMY

Well, I could certainly use the money.

Evelyn enters the dugout. She's NERVOUS. She's generally meek.

EVELYN

Mr. Dugan...

He stares at her, but doesn't respond.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I'm Evelyn Gardner?... I played first base... today... in the game...

No response.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
 (addresses Arthur)
 Can he hear?

ARTHUR
 He can hear, he just can't think.

EVELYN
 Oh. Well, I just spoke to my husband and he says I can't leave our son with him when we go out on the road. He says he's too busy reading the want ads and I should take him with me and shut up about it. So can I?... Take my son with me on road trips?

JIMMY
 (to Arthur)
 Ballplayers...

He SPITS a wad of tobacco juice and exits.

EVELYN
 (to Arthur)
 He's the sweetest little boy.
 Everyone's just gonna love him.

INT. BUS - DAY

The team is riding down the road. A six-year-old boy (Stilwell) is running down the aisle SCREAMING ANNOYINGLY. He's wearing a little short pants-navy suit, including sailor hat. He's got a stick and as he runs up the aisle, he hits all the girls in the back of the head.

HELEN
 Goddammit, Evelyn, get ahold of that little porker before I throw him out the window.

EVELYN
 (desperate)
 Stilwell... Stilwell, Angel...

ANGLE ON MAE

She's FRANTIC. She's coming at Stilwell from the back of the bus with a bat. Doris JUMPS OUT and grabs her from behind. Mae STRUGGLES forward, dragging Doris.

MAE
 I'm gonna kill him! I'm gonna take him deep.

DORIS

No, too many witnesses!

DOTTIE

Evelyn, why is he so wild?

EVELYN

I don't know. Here, Stilwell, have another chocolate bar. Maybe it will calm you down.

It's a very big chocolate bar. Stilwell grabs it. He already has chocolate on his mouth. His EYES WIDEN. He's on a sugar high.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Not the wrapper, Honey.

ALICE

(loud whisper)

Psst, Dottie.

Dottie goes to the back of the bus where Kit, Marla, Mae, Doris and Alice are sitting. Behind Mae is a gallery of color magazine photos of handsome male movie stars, and Charles-Atlas type magazine ads.

DOTTIE

I've got a great idea for a trick play. When there's a runner on third, Alice, you charge in like you're looking for a bunt. The runner will follow you. Only Ellen Sue sneaks in behind her and I --

MAE

(whispers)

We're not talking baseball, Tiger.

DOTTIE

What's up?

KIT

(whispers)

After the game tonight, we're all goin' out. Wanna come?

DOTTIE

After curfew?!

KIT

Yeah, so what.

DOTTIE

How are you gonna get past Miss Cuthbert?

ANGLE ON MISS CUTHBERT

A middle aged woman staring suspiciously at the girls, with steely eyes.

ANGLE BACK ON THE GROUP

They CONTINUE TO speak in whispers.

ALICE
Mae's gonna poison her dinner.

DOTTIE
What?!

MAE
Not fatally. But she won't stop
throwin' up, 'til the war's over.

DORIS
Not necessarily this war.

DOTTIE
Kit, can I see you alone?

KIT
Sure.

They get up and move to another part of the bus.

DOTTIE
I don't think you should be hanging-
around with the outfield.

KIT
Why not? They're fun.

DOTTIE
They're fast.

KIT
They like me.

Dottie gets right up next to Kit to tell her a secret.

DOTTIE
I heard from some of the girls...
Mae's gone all the way.

Kit is SHOCKED. She tries to hide it, but she's shocked. She looks at Mae.

ANGLE ON MAE

LAUGHING and having a good time.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE AND KIT

Dottie NODS, grimly.

KIT
... so?

DOTTIE
So?

KIT
So, you've gone all the way.

DOTTIE
That's different. I'm married.
I'm supposed to.

Pause.

KIT
What was it like?

DOTTIE
(shocked)
What?

KIT
I always wanted to ask you. What
was it like?

DOTTIE
(flustered)
It was... fine. It was... It was
very... refreshing.

KIT
What like Coca-Cola?

DOTTIE
I don't want to talk about this
with you. And I don't think you
should go out with Mae.

KIT
They're all lookin' at us. You're
making me the team baby. They
already think I'm just here because
you're the star.

DOTTIE
(self-conscious)
I'm not the star.

KIT

No, everybody's hitting. 490.
 Can't you just treat me like a
 teammate and forget I'm your
 sister.

DOTTIE

That's a little hard to do.

KIT

You found something that's hard
 to do?

Kit leaves her. Dottie is STUNNED by Kit's attitude.

The bus lurches. They all pitch around. The girls SHOUT.

ANGLE ON THE DRIVER

Stilwell has his hands over the driver's eyes. The bus goes
 off the road and stops. The driver STANDS UP.

DRIVER

That's it! I've had it! This
 isn't a kid, it's a monkey with
 dimples! I quit!

He OPENS the door and exits the bus.

The girls SHOUT at him to come back, but he doesn't. He walks
 down the highway. The girls yell at Evelyn. Evelyn runs and
 gets Stilwell and hands him another chocolate bar.

ANGLE ON JIMMY

He's ASLEEP. There's a bottle in his jacket pocket. Mrs.
 Cuthbert approaches him cautiously. She POKES him. She leans
 her face right next to his.

MRS. CUTHBERT .

Mr. Dugan...

JIMMY

(eyes closed)

What is it, baby, you want some
 more?

He gives her a big OPEN-MOUTH KISS, then opens his eyes. They
 both stare at each other a second. Then they both SCREAM.
 Jimmy takes a drink out of his bottle, then spits it OUT the
 WINDOW.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What happened? Why'd we stop?

DOTTIE

Lou quit.

JIMMY
What, here? Shit. Any of you
girls ever drive a bus?

No answers. He gets up and heads for the front of the bus.

MISS CUTHBERT
Mr. Dugan, I don't think you're
in any condition to operate this
conveyance.

JIMMY
Fine. Then we'll just sit here
'til moss grows out your ass.
Shouldn't be long.

He gets behind the wheel and they start.

EXT. RACINE BALLPARK - NIGHT

Mae is up. She belts the ball up the alley and takes off. The
Racine OUTFIELDERS chase it while the CROWD SCREAMS. (It's a
small crowd) Mae turns second and heads for third. They relay
the ball in. Mae slides in safely with a triple.

ANGLE ON THE ROCKFORD DUGOUT

DOTTIE
Way to go, Mae. That's it, girls,
dirt in the skirt. Dirt in the
skirt.

Jimmy is reading a NEWSPAPER. Dottie, wearing shinguards, is
flashing a complicated series of signals to Marla, who is the
next batter. Jimmy glances up at Dottie, then at Marla.

JIMMY
(to Dottie)
What are you, stupid?

DORIS
We makin' too much noise, Jimmy?
We wake you up?

JIMMY
You're gonna squeeze bunt with your
best hitter? What's our sign to
swing away?
(to Alice)
You, blonde girl, what's the sign?

DOTTIE
The letters, but the infield's
deep. A squeeze will work.

She repeats the sign.

JIMMY
Stop thinking with your tits.

He gives the opposite sign.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You want a big inning here.

DOTTIE
Go back to your comics.

ANGLE ON MARLA

She's watching the dugout, CONFUSED. She doesn't know what to do.

UMPIRE
Batter up!

MARLA
(nervously)
Wait!

ANGLE ON DUGOUT

Jimmy and Dottie are FURIOUSLY flashing opposite signs. Jimmy's getting ANGRY.

JIMMY
Hey! I'm the goddam manager.

DOTTIE
Then act like it, you big lush.

She walks away. Jimmy stares after her a moment, then flashes his sign again.

ANGLE ON MARLA

She SWINGS and smacks a base hit. .

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

Jimmy CLAPS his hands.

JIMMY
All right! Way to go, whatever
the hell your name is.
(looks around)
I still say you're not ballplayers.

He gives more signals.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Miss Cuthbert is lying face down on her bed, MOANING. Jimmy, Arthur and a doctor are standing nearby.

DOCTOR

In the forty-three years I've been practicing medicine, I've never seen a woman throw up that much.

JIMMY

Maybe that's what she does to entertain herself.

Jimmy glances OUT the window. He SEES several of the girls climbing down the FIRE ESCAPE. He's amused by this. Miss Cuthbert MOANS again. Jimmy reaches over and pulls her head up by the back of her hair.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Can I get you something, Mrs. Cuthbert?

She MOANS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

A couple of big greasy cheeseburgers?

She MOANS HORRIBLY.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a "yes."
(asking her)
Mustard? Mayo? Relish?

EXT. SUDS BUCKET - NIGHT

It's tacky. It's out on the road by itself with cars and pick-up trucks parked around it. MUSIC PLAYS loudly from inside.

INT. SUDS BUCKET

It's LOUD, SMOKEY and BEERY. A BAND plays in the background. It's a jitterbug. At a table Kit, Doris and Betty are seated with three young GUYS (farm types). They are watching Mae and a GUY JITTERBUG. Mae is really swinging. Everyone is watching. The guy grabs her by the waist and LIFTS. He brings her back down, they dance another few seconds, then she grabs his waist and lifts him. The dance ends. Mae and her partner join the others. There are a thousand empty beer bottles on the table.

Doris and Alice are NECKING lightly with their guys. Kit's guy is young and good-looking.

Kit is watching the other girls make out. She's a little NERVOUS. Her guy is named STEVE.

STEVE
I got my truck parked outside.

KIT
Good place for it.

STEVE
You want to come out and see it?

KIT
I've seen a truck.

STEVE
Well, maybe I have something you haven't seen.

He KISSES her cheek. She shifts uncomfortably.

KIT
I... I gotta pitch tomorrow.

STEVE
Come on, you're not really a ballplayer. Cute little thing like you.

KIT
I'm a pitcher. I'm a good pitcher.

STEVE
How about pitching to me?

KIT
What do you mean?

ANGLE ON MAE AND HER GUY KISSING

MAE'S GUY
(breathing heavily)
Is that your tongue or a belt?

ANGLE BACK ON KIT AND STEVE

STEVE
Hey Willie. Can I have that bat you keep behind the bar?

KIT
Are you kidding?

STEVE
What do you say? If you can't strike me out, we go out to the truck.

She hesitates, then SMILES. She likes him.

MAE

Go ahead, Kit. You got nothing to lose.

DORIS

You're thinking of yourself, Mae. She probably does.

KIT

(to Steve)

Okay.

They get up and head to opposite ends of the room. WILLIE throws Steve a BAT. He SPITS ON his hands and takes his stance. He looks pretty good. Willie takes a momento baseball off a shelf behind the bar and throws it to Kit. Everyone clears the middle of the room. There's a lot of NOISE and LAUGHTER. Kit is SMILING. Her teammates are CHEERING her on. The men are cheering for Steve. Kit winds up and throws very hard. Steve swings and misses as the ball crashes loudly against the wooden wall. Steve looks surprised at Kit's speed. PEOPLE CHEER. Some ridicule Steve in a good-natured way. Steve, SMILING, SHAKES his HEAD and steps back in. Kit's having fun. She pitches again -- very fast. Steve SWINGS and misses. A louder reaction. Steve is discouraged now. He's still smiling, but he's losing hope. Mae sidles up to Kit.

MAE

You sure you want to strike this guy out?

KIT

What do you mean?

MAE

I mean what did you come out here for?

Kit looks in at Steve. He's taking off his shirt, REVEALING a sleeveless undershirt. He's well-built. He loosens his shoulders. His friends urge him on. Kit ponders... she SMILES.

EXT. SUDS BUCKET - NIGHT

A car PULLS UP. It's driven by a thirteen year-old BOY. Dottie is next to him. She's wearing a long coat.

DOTTIE

Thanks for the ride.

KID

Sure thing, Dollbody.

(grabs her arm)

What do you say we slip into the backseat and you make a man out of me?

DOTTIE

What do you say I smack you around for awhile?

KID

Please, I'm excited enough.

She gets OUT OF the car.

INT. SUDS BUCKET

Kit prepares to pitch. She has an embarrassed smile on her face. She seems to decide something and she LAUGHS. She winds up. A hand grabs her arm, so that the ball drops to the floor. Everyone gets quiet.

WE REVEAL that it is Jimmy, who has grabbed her arm. Kit is SURPRISED to see him.

JIMMY

Maybe this is a decision you should make with a few less beers in you...

(he shrugs)

Maybe not.

He lets her go and walks away. But he's broken her mood. Now she's not sure what to do. She WAVES at Steve, as if to say "Forget it." Steve SHRUGS and everybody disperses. The band resumes, including the GIRL SINGER. Now it's a slow tune. Dottie rushes in.

DOTTIE

Kit!

KIT

(surprised)

Hi.

DOTTIE

Get the other girls, we gotta go.

DORIS

What's the matter?

DOTTIE

Lowenstein's comin' out here. We're all gonna get thrown out of the league.

DORIS

(nervous)

Does he know we're here?

DOTTIE

He suspects. They ran a bed check, they were all over the hotel. I told him you were all taking a shower.

MAE

(sarcastic)

Oh, quick thinking.

DOTTIE

He said he was gonna check every bar and roadhouse. I just got my coat and jumped out the window and hitched a ride.

DORIS

Come on. We gotta go.

DOTTIE

Is this all of you? Marla didn't come?

DORIS

She came.

MAE

Yeah.

DOTTIE

Where is she?

KIT

There.

ANGLE ON THE BANDSTAND

Marla, in a dress, is SINGING "It Had to be You" in a deep, throaty, SEXY VOICE. A farmer, in his thirties, is in her thrall. He sits there staring at her, entranced, his mouth slightly open. His name is NELSON.

ANGLE BACK ON THE GIRLS

Dottie stares in disbelief.

ANGLE ON THE BANDSTAND

Marla continues to SING.

ANGLE ON THE GIRLS

DOTTIE
(shocked)
What did you do to her?

DORIS
Nothing. We gave her a dress.

MAE
And a lot of liquor.

DOTTIE
Go out the back. I'll get Marla.

The girls rush out the back door.

ANGLE ON JIMMY WATCHING

He's AMUSED.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

Kit stops on her way out.

KIT
(sincerely)
Thanks, Dottie.

Kit exits. Dottie runs up on to the bandstand and grabs Marla.

DOTTIE
Marla, come on, we gotta go.

MARLA
(drunk)
I'm singing to Nelson.
(to Nelson)
Ain't I, Baby?

NELSON
(smitten)
You sure are.

DOTTIE
(to Marla)
Come on, let's go.

She starts to lead Marla away.

MARLA
No.

NELSON
I can take her home. It'd be an honor.

DOTTIE

No thanks. She better --

Dottie TUGS ON Marla. Marla STUMBLES, and in falling down pulls Dottie's coat off, REVEALING her NIGHTGOWN.

ANGLE ON JIMMY

Taking not of Dottie's shape. Just then, the door OPENS and Arthur Lowenstein enters. Dottie SEES him and FREEZES, while Marla struggles back up to her feet. Arthur goes up to the bar. Dottie is frozen. She doesn't know what to do. Arthur TAKES OFF his GLASSES to clean them. As he does, he turns around and stares right at Dottie. He SQUINTS. He begins to put his glasses back on. As he does, Jimmy appears behind him and, in a move, beautiful for its subtlety, he gives Arthur a gentle backhanded rap on the head, with a whiskey bottle. Arthur, STUNNED, STAGGERS and goes down, UNCONSCIOUS. No one but Dottie was able to detect what Jimmy did. Jimmy indicates with his head that she should leave. She turns around and SEES Marla and Nelson dancing. She's SINGING, while they dance. He gazes at her adoringly.

DOTTIE

Marla!

JIMMY

(to Dottie)

Get out of here.

DOTTIE

But --

JIMMY

I got a double header tomorrow and no fuckin' catcher. Besides, this place is just for big luses.

Arthur MOANS. Dottie grabs her coat and runs out.

JIMMY

(yells at her)

And I still say you're not ballplayers.

Jimmy helps Arthur to a chair. He's still unconscious. A door OPENS near the bar. Cappy steps OUT OF a backroom. He's got his jacket off and he's carrying a deck of cards. SMOKE POURS OUT of the backroom.

CAPPY

Hey! Hey! Who do I have to kill to get a fresh deck of cards?

These feel like a dog's nose.

(smiles)

Jimmy!

Cappy saunters over. Jimmy is sprinkling liquor all over Arthur.

CAPPY (CONT'D)
Jimmy Dugan, as I live and breathe.
Gee, I always meant to thank you
for that trick you taught me. My
wife loves it.

JIMMY
She always did.

CAPPY
What do you --
(realizes he's been had)
Hey!

JIMMY
What are you doing in town?

CAPPY
I'm running for Mayor. I'm
Scouting a shortstop. What do you
think? What happened to him?
(Lowenstin)

JIMMY
He's Harvey's man. He caught my
best player breaking curfew. So
I...
(pantomimes)

CAPPY
Ohh... the old 'sleeperoo."

Deftly he LIFTS Arthur's WALLET.

CAPPY (CONT'D)
Wanna make it look like a robbery?

Jimmy grabs the wallet and returns it. Arthur MOANS.

JIMMY
Help me out, will you?

CAPPY
Sure.

ARTHUR
Jimmy?... what happened?

JIMMY
You passed out. How much did you
drink?

ARTHUR
Nothing.

JIMMY

That's it. You stick to that story
and I'll back you up.

ARTHUR

What are you doing here?

JIMMY

He called me.

CAPPY

Ernie Capadino. I'm a scout for
Mr. Harvey. I was in the back room
at a little prayer meeting and I
heard you bustin' up the place.
I figure somebody better come down
here and get you.

JIMMY

He woke me up. Come on, let's get
you home.

ARTHUR

Wait a minute, I... I thought I
saw your catcher down here in a
nightgown.

CAPPY

Oh! It's always the quiet ones.

JIMMY

Now me, when I get loaded, I see
Rita Hayworth in a black brassiere.
But horses for courses, that's what
I say.

Jimmy is hustling him out. Arthur stops. He stares at Marla
and Nelson.

ARTHUR

Does she look familiar?

JIMMY

She should. When I got here, you
were trying to put your head up
her skirt.

CAPPY

Absolutely disgusting. . . .

ARTHUR

(going out with Jimmy)
I don't remember having a single
drink.

Jimmy leads him out.

Cappy passes Marla and Nelson who are dancing. He stares at Marla.

CAPPY

Nah!

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

This is footage of the War in Europe. Soldiers hitting a beach.

NARRATOR

Casualties are heavy as the Allies storm the beach at Anzio -- attacking what Churchill calls Europe's soft underbelly. But boys, who have been quickly forced to become men, are winning another hard-fought victory for freedom.

A HEAD-ON SHOT of G.I.'s slogging onto a beach. The CAMERA FOCUSES ON a small group of them.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE

Dottie, Kit, Mae, Doris and a couple of others are watching the newsreel. Dottie GASPS.

DOTTIE

That's Bob! That's Bob! That's my Bob!

(she stands)

MAE

Who's the cute guy next to him?

DOTTIE

I don't know!

PEOPLE "ssh" her. She sits back down again.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

(to Kit, urgent whisper)

It was Bob.

Kit PATS her on the ARM.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

A TITLE CARD under happy music "Woman Gives Birth to 30-Pound Baby."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yorkshire, England...

WE PAN a maternity ward. A lot of NEWBORNS, surrounding a baby four times their size.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Mrs. Agnes Muckney gave birth last
 week to the world's biggest baby.
 This infant behemoth tipped the
 scales at thirty pounds, one
 ounce... and how's the proud
 mama?... She's doing fine.

A SHOT of a WOMAN in a hospital bed. Her HUSBAND lifts her head
 and shoulders for the camera. The woman looks DESTROYED.

SPORTY MUSIC

Then a SHOT OF a woman's baseball game.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The newest thing in sports is the
 All-American Girls Baseball League.

INT. THEATRE

The girls excitedly nudge each other and SQUEAL.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 While the league is still
 struggling to attract crowds, the
 games are of very high quality.
 Thanks to girls like the league's
 top batsman -- er batswoman --
 Pretty Dottie Hinson --

NEWSREEL SHOT

SHOT of Dottie.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 -- and her sister.

NEWSREEL SHOT OF KIT

SHOT OF DOTTIE AND KIT

In the audience. Dottie WINCES. Kit GRITS her TEETH.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And a social note -- Rockford
 second sacker, Marla Hooch has
 gotten married.

NEWSREEL SHOT

Of Marla and Nelson coming out of a door under crossed bats,
 as other players throw rice.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She's been traded to Racine to be
 near her husband, Nelson, who makes
 cheese.

Nelson is BEAMING. He hands her a cheese in the shape of a
 heart. Marla eats it. She looks HAPPY.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Good luck to the happy couple.
 And good luck to the All-American
 Girls Baseball League.

EXT. BALLPARK - NIGHT

The crowd is sparse.

EXT. DUGOUT

The Peaches are gazing around at the empty seats. Jimmy strolls
 by.

JIMMY
 (smirks)
 Nice crowd. They can all share
 a soda.

He moves on.

MAE
 People better start showing up.
 You don't have fans, you don't have
 a League.

Lowenstein enters the dugout with TWO GUYS, one of whom has a
 FLASH CAMERA.

ARTHUR
 Ladies... these two gentlemen are
 from Life Magazine.

The girls are IMPRESSED and EXCITED. Doris PRIMPS.

MAE
 (to Doris)
 Don't waste your time.

ARTHUR
 (to the guys)
 There's someone I want you to meet.
 Dottie...

Dottie looks up from where she was kneeling to put on her
 SHINGUARDS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
This is Dottie Hinson. The Queen
of Diamonds.

DOTTIE
The what?

Arthur WAVES at her to "Go with it." The guys NOD at her in
greeting.

ARTHUR
The best player in the League and
pretty as Ann Sheridan.

DOTTIE
(embarrassed)
Oh, I --

ARTHUR
She'd make a great story. Husband
overseas, right in the thick of
the war.

DOTTIE
(worried)
Have you heard something?

ARTHUR
No, I was just -- you know, he's
--

DOTTIE
He's what? You've heard something.
Why do they tell you and not me?

ARTHUR
Dottie, I just meant that he's in
the war, that's all.
(to the guys)
Get some pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Maybe during the game.

Kit SQUEEZES in next to Dottie, SMILING.

ARTHUR
Oh. This is her sister... Oh,
there's another good angle. We
didn't even want her sister. But
Dottie wouldn't come without her,
so we took her, too. That's the
kind of girl Dottie is.

Kit's SMILE DISAPPEARS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Okay, ladies, have a good game.

The photographer LEANS OVER to Dottie as he leaves.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Give me something worth shooting
out there, okay, honey?

She SMILES and NODS uncomfortably. Arthur LEANS OVER to her.

ARTHUR
(sotto)
Try to give them something
spectacular tonight, Dottie. We're
dying.

The guys leave. Dottie continues adjusting her gear. Kit
SLUMPS DOWN next to her.

KIT
Here we go again.

DOTTIE
What?

KIT
Dottie's sister.

DOTTIE
Oh...

KIT
That's probably how they'll start
announcing me.
(makes her hands like
a megaphone)
"Now pitching, Dottie's sister."
When I die, "Here lies Dottie's
sister." Why'd you have to tell
them that about them only wanting
you?

DOTTIE
I didn't. Mr. Capadino must
have...

Pause.

KIT
I thought you were leaving.

DOTTIE
Huh?

KIT
I thought once I got set you were
leaving.

Dottie stares at her.

DOTTIE
You want me to leave?

KIT
No... you just said...

DOTTIE
Well, I figured it wasn't right
to leave the team in the middle
of the season. You know, I'm the
best -- I'm the... you know, a
regular.

JIMMY
Let's go, girls! Dozens of people
are waiting for the game to start.

The girls grab their MITTS and head out to the field.

EXT. BALLPARK - NIGHT

A ground ball is hit up the middle. Alice makes a diving,
backhand stop and throws out the runner. There is thin
APPLAUSE.

ELLEN SUE (THE SHORTSTOP)
Two. Two out.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She looks up and around at the small crowd. She's concerned.
She SPOTS the photographer and reporter. They look bored.
She goes back behind the plate. The next batter hits a high
foul pop. Dottie flings off her MASK and follows. She settles
under it. As the ball comes down, she does a SPLIT and catches
it. The crowd SCREAMS. The Life PHOTOGRAPHER gets the shot.

ANGLE ON KIT

Staring incredulously from the mound.

ANGLE ON JIMMY

In the dugout with his mouth OPEN.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

A few young guys are whooping it up. One of them copies
Dottie's split in the aisle. He hurts himself. His friends
LAUGH.

THE PLAYERS ENTER THE DUGOUT

JIMMY
What the hell was that?

DOTTIE
I don't know... just thought it
might help the League.

She walks away.

JIMMY
Shit.

MONTAGE

Under BIG-BAND MUSIC (Let's say, "Sing, Sing, Sing") WE SEE
the following...

A Life Magazine cover of Dottie's split.

Dottie SMASHING OUT a line-drive.

It becomes a newspaper photo under the headline, "The Belles
of the Ballgame.

A SIGN ON THE SCOREBOARD.

It says "Catch a foul, Get a Kiss."

A SHOT of MEN in the stands fighting violently to catch it as
Ellen Sue poses coquettishly at the plate.

INT. BUS - DAY

The MUSIC FADES.

Miss Cuthbert is addressing the girls.

MISS CUTHBERT
Girls, we have a new bus driver.
It turns out Mr. Dugan hasn't
actually had a valid drivers'
license since 1935.
(glares at him)
Something about a high-speed chase
and a minor.

JIMMY
(tries to remember, then
does)
Oh yeah.

MISS CUTHBERT
Now, girls, please, no rough
language. This boy is my nephew.

ANGLE ON THE GIRLS, LOOKING ILL

MISS CUTHBERT (CONT'D)
And it's his first time away from
home. Oh, here he comes. Girls,
this is Paul.

PAUL enters. He's about nineteen, sweet, young, innocent,
well-built and gorgeous.

ANGLE ON THE OUTFIELDERS

Their EYES BULGE. They're vultures.

DOTTIE AGAIN CHASES A FOUL POP

At the last moment, she turns around and catches the ball behind
her back.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

Art stands and SMILING BROADLY, claps his hands. He loves it..

ANOTHER NIGHT

Gurneys are set up in the infield and the girls are giving blood
to Army nurses.

ANOTHER GAME

Betty makes a shoestring rolling catch of a fly ball. This
becomes a newspaper photo under the headline, "Glamour Girls
of Big League Ball" in the Sporting News.

A CROWD SHOT

There are more people having more fun.

A HOTEL CORRIDOR

Stilwell, with a candy bar, is RUNNING WILD. Paul passes him,
fishing out his key. A DOOR OPENS. A WOMAN'S ARM reaches out
and yanks him into her room.

THE CLUBHOUSE

The girls are paid in cash. Their EYES BULGE as they watch the
bills counted into their hands.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE

Women's clothing department.

Several of the girls including Dottie, are shopping, excitedly,
pulling things off of racks, having a ball.

73.

Kit enters from a changing room in a very sexy dress of the period -- maybe something slit up the side. She loves it. The MALE CLERKS stare at her somewhat leeringly. Dottie quickly shoves her back toward the dressing room over Kit's objections.

IN A HOTEL ROOM

Once again, Miss Cuthbert is ill in bed, attended by a DOCTOR.

ANOTHER ROADHOUSE

The girls are dancing and having a ball.

THE KELTON FARMHOUSE

Molly is reading Life Magazine with Dottie on the cover.

Bill, as he crosses, sneaks a glance at it. When Molly looks up, he passes on as if he wasn't interested.

ON THE BUS (MOS)

Mae, in the back seat, is hanging OUT the bus window, SMOKING.

The girls around her keep an eye on Miss Cuthbert. Mae comes back in. She PASSES the butt, and the next girl leans out to smoke. She comes back in and hands the butt to Kit. Kit's about to lean out when the butt is pulled from her hand. She looks up and SEES Dottie, holding it. Dottie is ANGRY. Kit is EMBARRASSED. She YELLS. Dottie yells back. Miss Cuthbert turns around. They all SMILE. Miss Cuthbert faces front again. They go back to FIGHTING.

ANOTHER GAME

Kit fielding a line drive, hit back at her head. This becomes a newspaper photo under the headline, "These Gals Play for Keeps."

ANOTHER GAME

CROWD SHOT. A really good-sized crowd this time.

EXT. BALLPARK - NIGHT

The MUSIC FADES.

The Rockford girls are coming in off the field. Jimmy confronts Evelyn as she reaches the dugout.

JIMMY

Evelyn, let me ask you something
-- you got a moment?

She NODS. She's afraid of him.

JIMMY
Which team are you on?

EVELYN
Well --

JIMMY
No, I'm curious.
(louder)
What are you throwing to third for
with a three-run lead. Get the
sure out! Now, they got a big
inning thanks to you. Use your
head. That's that lump three feet
above your ass.

He starts to walk away, but Evelyn bursts into TEARS. Jimmy
stops. He can't believe it. Two of the girls lead Evelyn away.
All the girls glare at Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Crying? There's crying? There's
no crying in baseball. No crying.
(getting angry again)
When Rogers Hornsby was my manager,
he once called me a talking pile
of pig shit. And that was in front
of my parents who had driven down
from Michigan. Did I cry? No.
There's no crying!

The plate UMPIRE approaches the dugout.

UMPIRE
What's the matter, Jimmy?

JIMMY
She's crying!

UMPIRE
Perhaps you chastised her too
vehemently. Good rule of thumb...
treat each of these girls as you
would treat your mother.

JIMMY
Anybody ever tell you, you look
like a penis with a little hat on?

UMPIRE
You're outta here!

The girls APPLAUD.

THE MUSIC

swells again over the following:

Dottie chasing a foul pop. She DIVES INTO the stands. She comes out holding the ball in her glove, and a hot dog in her bare hand. She takes a bite. The crowd loves it.

CLOSE-UP OF MONEY

It's put into an envelope marked "David Hooch, Fort Collins, Colorado."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Marla licking the envelope shut.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

A door OPENS and Paul, very much the worse for wear, STAGGERS out into the hallway. He begins to walk down the hall, when another door OPENS and another female arm yanks him into that room.

ANOTHER BALLGAME

Kit and Dottie are on the mound ARGUING.

ANOTHER BALLGAME

Mae going first-to-third on a single.

ANOTHER BALLGAME

Mae and Doris support Betty off the field. Betty's face shows lots of PAIN. She doesn't put any weight on one of her legs.

Jimmy steps OUT OF the dugout to help support her.

ANOTHER BALLGAME

Dottie throwing a runner out at second. This becomes a newspaper photo under the headline, "Diamond Damsels."

ANOTHER BALLGAME

A big CROWD WHOOPING it up.

LOCKER ROOM

The girls are DRESSING.

The MUSIC FADES slightly.

Jimmy enters. He's fully dressed.

JIMMY

Close your eyes, girls, I'm comin' through.

ANOTHER BALLGAME

One of the girls is legging out a triple. A MAN in the third base boxes, STANDS and SCREAMS.

FAN
Slide! Slide!

She SLIDES. He can SEE UP her dress.

FAN
Thank you.

The MUSIC RISES again.

LOCKER ROOM

Alice is on the trainers table. She hikes up her skirt, REVEALING painful-looking strawberries on one of her thighs. Jimmy SEES this and WINCES.

ANOTHER HOTEL CORRIDOR

A door OPENS and Paul STUMBLES OUT, landing on his knees. He's wrecked. He uses the wall to rise. He feels his way along the wall for support. His hands reach a door, which OPENS. He falls into the arms of a WOMAN, who pulls him into her room and shuts the door.

THE MUSIC SWELLS TO A FINISH OVER THE FOLLOWING:

An opposing CATCHER waits for a throw as Kit tries to score. The catcher gets the ball and turns to her left, but Kit slides below and behind her, and is safe. Now, as the catcher has her back to the field, Dottie races in behind her and slides in safely before she can turn back around.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

It's a full house. They stand and CHEER. Arthur stands. He's BEAMING.

BACK ON THE ROAD - NIGHT

The girls PUSH the BUS through a storm. Kit and Dottie lose their footing and slide down into the MUD. They're both LAUGHING. They flick mud at each other and laugh harder and harder.

The MUSIC ENDS.

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

Kit PITCHES. The BATTER connects and RUNNERS start moving. Dottie stands up and prepares for a play at the plate.

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

JIMMY
Get it ! Get it in!

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

A big GIRL is heading for the plate. Dottie braces herself. The throw comes in and an instant later, the runner CRASHES INTO Dottie, who goes flying. She rolls over and holds up the ball.

UMPIRE
You're out!

Dottie spikes the ball hard, picks up her mask and heads for the dugout. She's LIMPING. She reaches the dugout and sits. She's sweaty and beat up. She almost seems lost in her equipment. One of the girls hands her a cup of water, and wiping dirt and sweat off her face, she leans forward to catch her breath and watch the game.

ANGLE ON JIMMY

He stares at her. He seems to be trying to figure something out. She isn't aware of his staring. He walks over and sits down next to her. She offers him a cursory NOD and shifts her attention back to the field. He takes out his chewing TOBACCO. He stares at her some more, then...

JIMMY
Want some?

DOTTIE
Hm?
(she looks at the tobacco)
That?

JIMMY
(he nods)
Lot of the ballplayers use it.

She stares at him. She's getting the full importance of what he's saying. WE SEE a little pride in her face.

DOTTIE
Sure.

She takes a little bit. He puts his wad in his mouth. She puts hers in her mouth, following his lead. They both turn to watch the game, each leaning forward -- two of a kind -- watching and CHEWING.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

In a LONG SHOT, the team bus rolls through the Midwestern night. It is the only vehicle on the road. Periodically, heat LIGHTNING, FLASHES in the sky.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

It's quiet and dimly lit. Some girls are SLEEPING, others are TALKING QUIETLY.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE AND JIMMY

They share a seat. They are relaxed and friendly. Jimmy is looking at a SNAPSHOT.

JIMMY

Good-looking. What's he do when he's not in the Army?

DOTTIE

He's assistant manager at the Dairy. He'll be manager some day. He's real smart.

JIMMY

Where'd you say he was? Italy?

DOTTIE

Yeah. I think. I haven't gotten a letter from him for a few weeks now. I used to get one every week.

JIMMY

Yeah, well, that doesn't mean anything. You know, you're in combat, there's not a mailbox on every corner. Besides if anything had really happened to him, you would've gotten one of those telegrams.

DOTTIE

(shivers)

Ooh, those.

JIMMY

Believe me, he's fine.

He returns the snapshot.

DOTTIE

You ever married?

JIMMY

Let me think. Yeah, three times.

DOTTIE
Any children?

JIMMY
Yeah, two of 'em were.

She LAUGHS.

The CAMERA MOVES DOWN the aisle past a few sleeping girls to Mae and Shirley. Shirley is READING under Mae's supervision.

SHIRLEY
(reading)
"He ripped her...

MAE
... kimono

SHIRLEY
... off and gra... grabbed her
my... mi... mil... milky --

EVELYN
(from across the aisle)
What are you giving her to read?!

MAE
What's the difference? She's
reading. That's the important
thing.
(to Shirley)
Go on, you're doing great.

Evelyn goes back to what she was doing, which is writing something. Stilwell is asleep on her and Evelyn is HUMMING.

ELLEN SUE
Whatcha writing? A letter?

EVELYN
A song.

ELLEN SUE
(impressed)
Really? What's it about?

EVELYN
Us.

WE PUSH ON to the back seat where Doris, Kit and a few others are talking softly. They're keeping a scrapbook. Kit is reading an article.

KIT
Look at this. They call me the
"Oregon Rifle." Kit Kelton, the
"Oregon Rifle." That's me.

Helen is holding a SNAPSHOT.

BETTY
(to Doris)
This is your boyfriend?

DORIS
Yep.

BETTY
Is this out of focus?

DORIS
No, that's how he looks.

BETTY
Oh.

DORIS
But the important thing is he's
stupid, out of work, and treats
me bad.

KIT
Then why...

DORIS
'Cause none of the other boys...

She takes back the picture.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Everybody always made me feel...
wrong. You know?

They know.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Like I was this strange girl or...
not even a girl... But I don't feel
wrong now. I mean... there's a
lot of us. I think we're all
okay...

She RIPS up the picture and lets the pieces blow away out the window.

EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE - D-DAY

SOLDIERS hitting the beaches at Normandy.

INT. ROCKFORD LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The girls are there after a game. They've won. There's BANGING from inside of the lockers. Dottie OPENS it.

Ellen Sue charges out.

ELLEN SUE
I'm gonna kill you, Mae.

Dottie LAUGHS. Jimmy enters.

JIMMY
Listen up. Before you get down
to your bloomers, Mr. Harvey would
like to come in and say a few
words.

There's a buzz of EXCITEMENT.

MAE
(to Doris, sotto)
I'm taking off my shirt. When he
sees these tits he might marry me.

DORIS
You mean there's a man who hasn't
seen your tits?

Harvey and Lowenstein enter. Harvey is SMILING. Lowenstein
isn't. As Harvey enters, the girls APPLAUD.

HARVEY
Ladies... it's I who should be
applauding you. You girls are
sensational.

The girls beam with pride.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
I suppose you've all been very
excited about all the good news
in Europe and the Pacific...

The girls CHEER.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
I've just heard from President
Roosevelt, himself... Men's
baseball will not be shut down.
Not now, not ever.

More APPLAUSE.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
While that means, that we will no
longer be in the business of girls'
baseball after this season, I don't
want you to think we don't
appreciate what you've done.
(more)

HARVEY (Cont'd)

So each of you is getting a hundred dollar bonus after the play-offs. Once again, thank you.

The girls are STUNNED. Some of them don't realize what's just happened. Others are just beginning to. Lowenstein looks SAD.

KIT

(hesitant)

What do you mean? We're through?

MAE

No, he doesn't mean that. A rich, attractive man like this.

(to Harvey)

I'm Mae. And that's more than a name. It's an attitude.

HARVEY

These girls are great.

(to Kit)

Yes, honey, I'm afraid so. You can hold your play-offs and then you can all go home with a season full of wonderful memories.

DORIS

You stink!

HARVEY

Excuse me, we're done.

He starts to leave. The girls start SCREAMING, "No, no" etc.

JIMMY

(sotto to Lowenstein)

This isn't right.

LOWENSTEIN

(shrugs helplessly)

I know.

Mae steps forward.

MAE

Hey! What am I supposed to do, huh? You think I'm going bck home to cook for my brothers? Uh-uh. that ain't happenin'.

DORIS

(to Jimmy)

Can he stop us from playing? How can he stop us from playing?

The girls start YELLING "We want to play," "Let us play."
Harvey just shakes his head and heads for the door.

LOWENSTEIN

Mr. Harvey.

HARVEY

Yes, Arthur, we'll talk outside.

LOWENSTEIN

No, sir, let's talk in here. This is what's going to happen in the factories, too, isn't it? "The men are back, Rosie, turn in your rivets." We told them it was their patriotic duty to get out of the kitchen and go to work and when the men come back, we'll send them back to the kitchen.

HARVEY

What should we do? Send the boys returning from war back to the kitchen?

Arthur looks at the girls and reaches a decision.

ARTHUR

I'd like your permission to take over the League.

The GIRLS CHEER.

HARVEY

What? Art, don't you understand.
All the owners are getting out.
All of us. Even dumb Ray.

ARTHUR

I can find new ownership. Local people, maybe. These towns really love these girls.

HARVEY

There's no place for girls' baseball in this country once the war is over. They're through.

DORIS

You stink!

HARVEY

(shouting now)

I heard you the first time, dear.

MAE

Listen, Mr. Rich Chocolate Man.
Don't you tell me there's no place
for us. This is our place.

(almost in tears)

We're staying here. This League
is not folding. We won't let it.
We are not losing our League,
mister!

The girls STAND and CHEER.

Lowenstein looks at Harvey. Harvey leaves.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The girls are on the bus, in their uniforms. They are SINGING
the "All-American Girls Baseball League" song. They are full
of spirit. The song ends and they congratulate Evelyn.

EVELYN

My husband said it was stupid.

MAE

(puts her arm around
Evelyn)

Hey any man who marries you is
stupid.

EVELYN

Thank you.

Paul enters. He trips coming up the stairs. He looks like
hell. He CRAWLS into his seat. He just sits there staring.

MAE

Come on, Paul, what are you waiting
for? Let's get started.

Mechanically, Paul stands up and begins to UNDO his pants.

MISS CUTHBERT

Paul!

Paul realizes where he is.

PAUL

Oh. I'm on the bus.

He sits back down and prepares to start.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Wait a second! Hold it!

Paul waits and a Western Union boy, (about thirty years old)
jumps onto the bus.

He is carrying a sealed telegram and a clipboard. His name is LESTER.

LESTER
Whew. Just made it. I've got a telegram for one of you ladies from the War Department.

The girls GASP.

LESTER (CONT'D)
Let's see...
(checks his clipboard
and thinks out loud)
Boy, I hate these. These are the worst. The least the Army could do is send someone personally, tell you your husband's dead...
(still checking)
Darn, I had the name right here.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

Dottie, is FROZEN with fear.

ANGLE ON LESTER

Still checking. He's ANNOYED.

LESTER
Well, I'm gonna have to go back and get this straightened out. Sorry.

Jimmy grabs him.

JIMMY
Give me the telegram.

LESTER
I can't. I don't have a name on the checklist. --

JIMMY
Give me the telegram.

LESTER
Hey. This is from the War Department. This is official. And nobody --

Jimmy grabs the telegram and shoves Lester off the bus. Jimmy pauses a second, then OPENS the envelope. He just peeks inside for an instant and reacts. He walks down the aisle of the bus right towards Dottie. She looks ready to pass out. Kit holds her. Jimmy goes to the seat right behind them.

JIMMY
(gently)
Betty...

BETTY
(wails)
George!

Dottie lets her breath out. All eyes now turn to Betty. She can't open the TELEGRAM. Alice does it. Alice READS it.

ALICE
He's not dead, honey.

The girls all react, EXCITED.

BETTY
(shaking)
Really?

ALICE
(hesitates)
... He lost an arm --

BETTY
(crying)
Okay... okay...

ALICE
He's coming home.

Betty breaks down completely.

JIMMY
(to Betty, gently)
Come on, we'll get you off the bus.

Miss Cuthbert takes her off the bus. The girls are shellshocked. They seem drained.

JIMMY
(to Paul)
Okay, let's go, we got a game to play.

The bus pulls out.

EXT. ROCKFORD BASEBALL PARK - DAY

A game is in progress. Kit is pitching. Runners are on. She gives up a hit.

ANGLE ON THE SCOREBOARD

Rockford is ahead 6-2. WE SEE that both runs for the other team have come in the ninth inning.

ANGLE ON KIT

She's TIRED. She pitches. A base hit. Another scores.

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

Jimmy paces, WORRIED.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

Kit gives up another hit. Another run scores.

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

Jimmy heads for the mound.

ANGLE ON THE MOUND

Jimmy and Dottie reach the mound where Kit is waiting.

JIMMY

Game's getting pretty exciting.

KIT

I'll finish it right here. I'll strike this turkey out.

JIMMY

I got Shirley ready to come in.

KIT

I really want to finish this game, Jimmy.

Jimmy is torn. He SPITS, then looks at Dottie.

JIMMY

What do you think?

Dottie's on the spot.

DOTTIE

Well, you know she's... battling.
It's --

JIMMY

What do you think?

DOTTIE

She's done. She's throwing grapefruits up there.

KIT

Bullshit!

88.

JIMMY

That's it.
(to Ump)
Blue!

Jimmy signals for a new pitcher. Kit flips the ball against Dottie's chest protector and storms OFF the mound.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

Lowenstein is sitting with LUTTENBURGER, a middle-aged man. Lowenstein is selling his heart out.

LOWENSTEIN

I'm telling you, Mr. Luttenburger, you buy this ballclub, you've got a gold mine. Picture your sign "Luttenburger Mustard" plastered all across the whole outfield wall. And every hot dog they sell here with your mustard, on it.

LUTTENBURGER

(non-committal)

Yeah... Who's gonna own the other clubs?

LOWENSTEIN

Oh, you know, big... local tycoons like you.

LUTTENBURGER

So, you got no one yet.

LOWENSTEIN

Well, we're on the brink.

LUTTENBURGER

(distracted)

Hot damn! I like that catcher. That's a ballplayer.

LOWENSTEIN

Oh, Dottie! Yeah, she's great.

LUTTENBURGER

That's the kind of girl who should be selling my mustard. A healthy American girl. Not one of those little birdie models from Chicago.

LOWENSTEIN

That's right. That's right Dottie could be your... Mustard Girl.

LUTTENBURGER

Mustard Maiden.

LOWENSTEIN
That's right. Well, what do you
think? You want in?

LUTTENBURGER
Have to ask my wife.

He turns to a WOMAN next to him who is KNITTING, not even
looking up.

LUTTENBURGER (CONT'D)
What do you think, Mother?

MRS. LUTTENBURGER
(doesn't look up)
Do it.

LUTTENBURGER
(immediately, to
Lowenstein)
We're in.

LOWENSTEIN
(taken aback)
Great.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

Shirley gets the last out. WE FOLLOW the happy Peaches into
the dugout, where Kit is steaming.

DOTTIE
(casually, to Kit)
Nice game, Kit.

KIT
(keeping her voice down)
I guess it would've killed you to
stick up for me?

DOTTIE
Kit, you had nothing left. It was
a big game, it put us in the
Series.

KIT
I could've finished.

DOTTIE
You had nothing out there.
Stillwell could've hit you.

Doris passes. She hasn't heard the argument. She's carrying
a cup of WATER.

DORIS
(joking)
What's the matter, Kit? Too big
to finish your own game.

Kit, impulsively, wheels around and fires her GLOVE AT Doris' face. A bullseye.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Hey!

Doris FLINGS her WATER in Kit's face. Kit attacks her. The girls JUMP IN to stop it.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

Lowenstein and the Luttenburgers' are filing out.

LUTTENBURGER
What's going on, there?

LOWENSTEIN
It's the... boisterous energy of
youth.

LUTTENBURGER
That one girl, that pitcher, she's
crazy.

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

The girls are trying to break up the fight. Dottie grabs Kit. Kit pushes her. Dottie STUMBLES OVER a bat and lands on the floor. She's not hurt.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

LUTTENBURGER
She knocks down the star player?
First rule of business... Don't
mess with the money.

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

The melee is still going on. Several girls have a hold of Kit. Jimmy picks Kit UP and carries her into the tunnel.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Jimmy enters with Kit over his shoulder, STRUGGLING. He carries her into the SHOWER, turns on the water and tosses her in. She SCREAMS.

JIMMY
You remind me of one of my wives.
I had to force her to wash, too.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The girls are dressing. Kit, SOAKED, and wearing a sopping wet uniform, goes to her locker. Dottie watches her for a moment.

DOTTIE
(cold)
Are you okay?

KIT
My rear end hurts where Jimmuy
dropped me.

DOTTIE
You acted like a baby out there.

KIT
You treat me like a baby.

DOTTIE
I treated you like a pitcher. A
pitcher who lost her stuff.

KIT
When Shirley's in trouble, you
nurse her through. You're out
there every pitch backin' her up.

DOTTIE
You hate when I come out there.
Last week you threw a resin bag
in my face and told me to get my
fat ass back behind the plate.
Was that you or the umpire?

KIT
All I know is you coulda' backed
me up today. Instead of holding
me back. Like you always do.

DOTTIE
(getting angry)
I hold you back?

KIT
I don't mean "hold me back, I
mean...

DOTTIE
What do you mean?

KIT
It's like at home. It's like if
you're here I'm not here.

DOTTIE
What does that mean?

KIT
I don't know, I don't know what
I mean. I know I'm wrong. I know
you're right and I'm wrong... I
just get so mad.

DOTTIE
At me?

Kit is FRUSTRATED by her inability to explain.

DOTTIE
At me?

Kit won't answer.

The locker room is RATTLED BY a loud crash against the outside wall. Everyone stops for a moment and listens. The crash is repeated.

ALICE
What is that?

EVELYN
Germans! We're being bombed.

Two or three girls SCREAM. Dottie CLIMBS UP ON a chair and looks out a high window.

DOTTIE
It's nothing.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The LIGHTS are ON. Dottie is walking from the outfield toward home plate.

Someone is taking batting practice off a mechanical pitching machine.

As Dottie gets closer, WE can SEE that it's Jimmy. He's really belting them out. Dottie reaches the infield area and watches him for awhile. He smashes one that hits the clubhouse wall in center field.

DOTTIE
What is that thing?

JIMMY
Automatic pitching machine. Take
all the batting practice you want
and you don't wear out your
pitchers. Now we just need a
machine to bring back the balls.

He keeps hitting.

DOTTIE

You look great. You look like you could still go.

JIMMY

It's just a machine. It ain't Bob Feller. Harvey offered me the Witchita job for next year. Managing.

DOTTIE

Wow. Triple A.

JIMMY

Yeah... I figured I better get in shape. So I can show those kids something.

He belts one. He stops and thinks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Boy, I had a sweet swing. When I stood in there, I was locked in. I didn't hear anything, I didn't feel anything. It was me and the baseball. Like a tunnel. You know what I mean?

DOTTIE

Yeah...

They stare at each other.

JIMMY

I love watching you play. You're like Cobb or Williams. It's like you're starving and every pitch was a meal. I love that.

DOTTIE

No, I just like to play..

JIMMY

You're an animal. You're a ballplaying animal.

(using his hand to indicate three levels, each one higher than before)

Food -- air -- baseball. That's you.

DOTTIE

No. I just --

JIMMY
 "You just like to play." What is
 it with you? What are you ashamed
 of?

DOTTIE
 I'm not. I'm...
 (explaining)
 I'm not supposed to care that much.
 It's just a game.

JIMMY
 Pinochle's a game. This is what
 gets inside you and lights you up.

DOTTIE
 You know sometimes when I'm out
 there, it feels perfect. Like I'm
 doing something perfect.

JIMMY
 Right.

DOTTIE
 (really warming to it)
 And I think... I can do anything.
 I can catch everything they hit
 and I can hit everything they
 throw. And I'm the best. And I
 love it!

She's FLUSHED with EXCITEMENT. He grabs her and KISSES her.
 She lets him. A moment later, she pulls back. Dottie is
 STUNNED. So is Jimmy.

JIMMY
 I'm sorry. I... tripped.

DOTTIE
 (almost crying)
 How could you do that to me? I
 thought you liked me.

She goes quickly back to the dugout and down the runway. Jimmy
 stares. Then he takes his BAT and flings it as hard as he can
 out into the outfield.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dottie bursts in, very FLUSTERED.

ARTHUR (O.C.)
 Dottie, can I see you a second?

She looks up and SEES ARTHUR. She can't focus her thoughts.

DOTTIE

What?...

ARTHUR

There's someone outside, I'd like you to meet. He's thinking of buying the team and --

DOTTIE

I have to leave.

ARTHUR

Sure, get dressed and --

DOTTIE

No, I --

(she lowers her voice
so the others can't
hear)

I'm leaving the team. I'm going home.

ARTHUR

What?! Why, what's...

DOTTIE

I can't explain. I just --

ARTHUR

Dottie, this is going to hurt us very badly. The hardest thing I have to do is convince prospective owners that you girls take this League seriously. That you won't just run off whenever, you --

DOTTIE

You're looking for new owners for all the teams right?

ARTHUR

Yeah...

DOTTIE

So, then I might as well play one place as another, right?

ARTHUR

What are you --

DOTTIE

I'll stay, if you trade me to another team. Racine, Kenosha, I don't care, but you have to trade me. You have to get me off this team.

ARTHUR
(confused)
Why?

DOTTIE
It's personal.

ARTHUR
Are you having some trouble? Is
it the players? Jimmy?

She doesn't answer.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
It's Kit, isn't it?

DOTTIE
Kit?

ARTHUR
I noticed there's some friction
there. Is that it? You want to
be separated?

DOTTIE
(lying in order to end
the discussion)
Yeah. Yeah, that's it. She claims
I hold her back and I've been
thinking maybe she's right and
she'd do better if I wasn't around.
So that's it. Will you trade me?

ARTHUR
You're very important to us Dottie.
I'll work it out. Okay?

DOTTIE
Okay.

EXT. CAFETERIA

CLOSE-UP of a sign in the window. "All you can eat - 99c."

INT. CAFETERIA

CLOSE-UP of a tray piled high with an enormous amount of food.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Doris carrying the tray to a table.

MAE
Jesus, how can you eat that much?

DORIS
I had a small breakfast.

97.

MAE

You did not.

DORIS

Not today. Once when I was a kid
I had a small breakfast. I'm
making up for it.

Dottie is behind them with Evelyn. Dottie is carrying a tray
of food. Suddenly, her TRAY goes FLYING UP in the air, and a
foot appears where the tray used to be. FOOD, TRAY, and
SILVERWARE go crashing. WE REVEAL that Kit has kicked Dottie's
tray. Dottie stares, WIDE-EYED, in AMAZEMENT. Kit is SEETHING.

KIT

You bitch.

DOTTIE

What --

KIT

I've been traded to Racine.

DOTTIE

You?!

KIT

Don't act surprised. Lowenstein
told me, you said we couldn't play
together. Did you?

DOTTIE

Kind of, but --

KIT

Oh, geez...

DOTTIE

I told him to trade me.

KIT

(sarcastic)

Oh, yeah, they'd really trade you.
Miss Star! Miss Perfect! You knew
what would happen.

DOTTIE

I didn't. Look I'll quit. Okay?
I'll --

KIT

Sure, then everybody will blame me,
for you quitting.

DOTTIE

What do you want me to do, I'll
do it.

KIT
Stay away from me. You know something, we're gonna play you in the playoffs and I'm gonna beat your butt.

DOTTIE
It was a mistake. The whole thing was a mistake.

KIT
I'm gonna strike you out every time up.

DOTTIE
You're not listening --

KIT
I knew if I did too good, you'd do something to push me down.

Pause.

DOTTIE
Ah, blow it out your rear end. I'm so sick of being blamed for everything that's bothering you. Now there's nothing I wouldn't do to win that Series. You're gonna beat my butt? You're dreaming.

KIT
My train leaves at six. I only have ten minutes to pack.

Kit walks away.

DOTTIE
Well, if you have any trouble, you know who to blame.

Doris is standing behind Dottie.

DORIS
(pointing to the floor)
You gonna eat that?

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"First Women's World Series." Then underneath, "Rockford faces Racine."

EXT. ROCKFORD BASEBALL PARK - DAY

The two teams are warming up before the game. Dottie is warming up Shirley. Shirley throws the ball over Dottie's head. The ball skips up the line in front of the right field box seats. An eighteen year old black WOMAN seated in the first row surrounded by other black PEOPLE, leans over the railing and scoops up the ball. Dottie, by this time has jogged out a few steps towards the ball. She looks at the black girl who looks back at her. The black girl gets ready to throw. Dottie raises her GLOVE. The black girl throws it hard over Dottie's head, right to Evelyn. It's a great throw. Dottie stares at the girl, IMPRESSED. She doesn't know what to do or say. The black girl stares wistfully out at the field. Dottie stands there reflecting on what she's just seen -- then turns and heads back towards Shirley. She's distracted by Evelyn waving to her. Evelyn is with Marla.

ANGLE ON THE BOX SEATS

Arthur is sitting with a few Midwestern BUSINESSMEN. He's selling his heart out.

ARTHUR

I'm telling you gentlemen, if you buy into this League, you're getting a gold mine. Rockford and Racine are a real rivalry, you know, like the Giants and Dodgers. I'm telling you, these girls just don't like each other --

BUSINESSMAN

They're kissing.

ARTHUR

Hm?

LONG SHOT OF THE FIELD

A Racine PLAYER is exchanging friendly KISSES with two Rockford PLAYERS.

ANGLE ON THE BOX SEATS

ARTHUR

Uh... it's... the Kiss of Death. They're serious about this game.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

The three players in question are Dottie, Evelyn and Marla. Dottie looks TIRED.

EVELYN

(to Marla)

You look great. You happy?

MARLA

Yeah. Nelson's real good to me.
He comes to all the games, only
I don't play much anymore.

DOTTIE

How come?

MARLA

(embarrassed)
I'm pregnant.

EVELYN

What!

MARLA

Yeah.

DOTTIE

That's great. Why are you still
playing at all?

MARLA

(whispers)

We can use the money. See our
manager don't know. I just tell
him my back hurts and he don't use
me much. All the girls know,
though, so, like, if there's a play
at second, they throw the ball high
so I don't have to bend and the
girls on the other teams kind of
leave me be.

EVELYN

Well, we'll let our girls know.

MARLA

But not your manager. He'll tell.

DOTTIE

You shouldn't even be here, Marla.

MARLA

It's just a few more games. And
then I'll be back next year.

Dottie looks over and SEES Kit in her Racine uniform talking
to some of the other Racine girls.

DOTTIE

Is Kit pitching today?

MARLA

No. They're saving her.

DOTTIE
How's she doing?

MARLA
(shrugs)
She's kinda... tense. You know.

DOTTIE
I know.

Dottie stretches her jaw the way she used to.

MARLA
What's the matter?

DOTTIE
Huh?

MARLA
You were...

DOTTIE
Oh... I got something in my teeth.

EVELYN
Well, Lowenstein says this Series
will decide whether we're all
coming back next year. So let's
give 'em a good show. Dirt in the
skirt.

MARLA
Dirt in the skirt.

DOTTIE
(less enthusiasm)
Right. Dirt in the skirt.

They break up and go to their own dugouts.

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

Someone on Racine hits a line drive. The Rockford third BASEMAN
dives and catches it, ending the inning.

ANGLE ON BOX SEATS

The businessmen are drinking beer, eating hot dogs but they're
non-committal.

BUSINESSMAN
(to Arthur)
Aren't our towns a little small,
Arthur? I mean the potential's
kind of limited. .

ARTHUR

Not at all. We're ready to add
some teams. Milwaukee,
Minneapolis, those are big towns.
Have another beer.

Arthur is WORRIED. He's not making much headway.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

Dottie is coming up to bat. There are SHOUTS from the Rockford
dugout of "Get it started." Jimmy is coaching first.

ANGLE ON RACINE DUGOUT

KIT

Easy batter.

Dottie hits a hard ground ball to second. It takes a bad hop
HITTING the second BASEMAN in the face, allowing Dottie to reach
first. The CROWD reacts with an "Ooh" as the second baseman
gets hit. The Racine MANAGER (Charlie from the tryout scene),
comes out to where the second baseman is KNEELING. He looks
at her mouth, then hands her a towel and leads her off,
signaling for a substitute. Dottie does not look at Jimmy.

JIMMY

Okay, nice shot. You're tying run.
Doris isn't running good, so if
she hits it on the ground, you've
gotta go hard into second, break
up the double play. Understand?

She doesn't respond.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Are you ever gonna talk to me
again?

DOTTIE

No.

JIMMY

You know it wasn't just my fault.
You were there too, you know.

DOTTIE

I was tired. I was lonely.

JIMMY

Oh, and I have a rich, full life.

Behind Dottie, Marla has taken over at second base.

ANGLE ON THE RACINE DUGOUT

They WAVE at the Rockford dugout.

EVELYN

Dottie!

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She GLANCES AT the dugout.

JIMMY

I'd like to be friends again.

DOTTIE

(sarcastic)

Right here? In front of everybody?

ANGLE ON DUGOUT

EVELYN

(points)

Marla!

(pantomimes a little pot
belly)

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She's listening to Jimmy.

JIMMY

I mean friends. "Hello. How are
you? Jesus, Jimmy, you look like
shit, don't you ever comb your
hair?" Friends.

DOTTIE

I'm trying to concentrate on the
game.

ANGLE ON THE DUGOUT

EVELYN

Dottie!

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She WAVES off-handedly at Evelyn.

ANGLE ON DUGOUT

Evelyn is satisfied that Dottie got her message. She NODS and
sits down.

ANGLE ON DORIS

Coming up to bat. She SWINGS and hits a ground ball to short.

ANGLE ON FIRST BASE

JIMMY

Go!

Dottie digs hard for second.

ANGLE ON SECOND BASE

The SHORTSTOP scoops up the ball and TOSSES it face-high to Marla, covering second. As Marla gets the ball, she turns toward first base to try to complete the double play. At that moment, Dottie comes in, throwing a rolling slide at her. Just an instant before contact, Marla's face turns to Dottie who, rolling in, recognizes Marla. Dottie's EYES WIDEN with surprise and HORROR. She's got too much momentum to stop and rolls into Marla. Marla is FLIPPED head over heels, crashing down to the infield dirt. She CRIES OUT and lies there.

ANGLE ON THE ROCKFORD DUGOUT

Evelyn stands there, STUNNED, then runs out onto the field.

ANGLE ON THE RACINE DUGOUT

Marla's teammates, including Kit, DASH OUT onto the field.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

Nelson JUMPS UP. He heads for the field.

ANGLE ON SECOND BASE

Dottie has turned Marla over and is talking to her HYSTERICALLY.

DOTTIE

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I didn't
see you! I didn't know you were
in the game! Marla!!

Marla MOANS. Kit arrives. She pushes Dottie away.

DOTTIE

I didn't know!

KIT

(furious)

You knew. Evelyn yelled at you
from the dugout!

DOTTIE

I didn't hear her! I was talking
to Jimmy!

Marla's teammates have placed her on a STRETCHER.

KIT
 Anything to win, that's you.
 You're in your own world out here
 and nobody else counts for nothing.

Kit goes off with the girls carrying Marla. Dottie is badly SHAKEN. Doris hands her her hat.

DORIS
 (disapproving)
 Jesus, Dottie, it's only a game.

Dottie is hurt by this.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dottie is seated on the edge of her bed, LEANING FORWARD, her head in her hands. The phone RINGS. She answers it.

DOTTIE
 Hello... Evelyn?...
 (relieved)
 Oh, that's great... And the
 baby?... Oh, thank God... What?
 No, I'm okay.
 (she's not)
 ... Thanks.

She HANGS UP. She's relieved, but still upset. Her head goes back between her hands again. She stares at the floor.

DOTTIE'S P.O.V.

She's staring down at a dirty spot on the carpet. There's a KNOCK on the door.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
 (wearily)
 Come in.

WE HEAR the door OPEN and CLOSE. After a moment, two mens' shoes appear in Dottie's P.O.V. ONE has the TOE CUT OUT of the leather REVEALING the sock. Next to that shoe is the end of a cane.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

STARTLED, she looks up.

ANGLE ON BOB

He's a good-looking, MAN. He's SMILING warmly. He's in uniform.

BOB
 Hiya, cutie.

Dottie begins to CRY. She gets up and they EMBRACE. They KISS.

DOTTIE

Bob!... How... how did you...
(she looks at his foot)
What happened?

BOB

I'm fine. It was a sniper. Shot
the front of my shoe off. Got
seven of us before we got him.

DOTTIE

(crying)
Oh, sweetie.

BOB

It's all right. I made it. I'm
here. I'm discharged, honey. I'm
a civilian.

DOTTIE

(crying)
Oh, sweetie, I missed you so much.
I thought I'd never see you again.

BOB

I'm here. I almost forgot how
beautiful you are.

DOTTIE

I look terrible. We just had a
game --

BOB

(means it)
You look beautiful. You're the
most beautiful thing I've ever
seen.

DOTTIE

Can we just hold each other the
rest of our lives?

BOB

That's my plan.

They KISS.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Jimmy is EATING breakfast while he reads the "Sporting News."
Two KIDS approach him reverently.

KID

Mr. Dugan...

JIMMY

Yeah.

KID

Would you sign my baseball?

JIMMY

Sure.

He does. He hands it to the kid.

KID

(thrilled)

Wow!

(reads)

"Avoid the clap. Jimmy Dugan."

KID #2

Wow!

They run off.

JIMMY

(calls after them)

That's good advice.

He goes back to eating, but something OUTSIDE in the street catches his eye. He gets up and leaves.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

Bob and Dottie are finishing packing the car. Bob checks his pockets.

BOB

Aw, shoot. I left my medicine in the bathroom.

DOTTIE

Medicine?

BOB

It's nothing. It's so I don't get an infection. I'll be right down.

He goes back into the hotel. Dottie PICKS UP a suitcase and puts it in the car. She looks around the street, waiting to leave.

JIMMY (O.C.)

You fooled me.

She turns and SEES Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I really thought you were a
ballplayer.

DOTTIE
Well, you were wrong.

JIMMY
Was I!

DOTTIE
They're good enough to win without
me.

JIMMY
Oh, we'll win without you. I'll
see to that! If I have to wear
a wig and a skirt, we'll win
without you.

DOTTIE
So?

JIMMY
I gave away five years at the end
of my career to drinking. Five
years. And now I'd give anything
to get back any one day of it.

DOTTIE
We're different.

JIMMY
I guess.

DOTTIE
It just got too hard.

JIMMY
It's supposed to be hard. If it
wasn't hard everyone would do it.
The "hard" is what makes it great.

There's SILENCE. He turns and leaves. As he leaves WE SEE Bob
standing behind him.

BOB
Everything all right?

Dottie hesitates a moment, then...

DOTTIE
Yeah.

They both get in the car. They drive away. WE HOLD ON the empty street. Then we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. RACINE BALLPARK - DAY

A big CROWD is pushing its way into the park. A TICKET WINDOW has "Sold Out" written across it.

SCALPER
Tickets. Game seven tickets.
Right here.

Some PEOPLE approach him to buy tickets.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The girls are all in uniform, seated. It's TENSE. Jimmy is addressing them.

JIMMY
Outfield, I want you to play a couple of steps deeper today. I don't want to give up anything long. Alice, whenever they get the lead-off batter on, they're gonna bunt. Be ready. All of you, gamble on the bases, try to make something happen out there.

(calmly)
Now... I've never hit a woman. Well, I've never thrown the first punch.

(remembering)
Ooh, what a mess that was. The legal fees...

DORIS
Jimmy...

JIMMY
Right. Now, ladies, I'd like to lead you in a prayer.
(bows his head)
Oh, Lord, hallowed be thy name... may our feet be swift, may our bats be mighty, and may our...

(grotesque)
balls be plentiful. And smite the other team, Lord. Smite them as you would the Philistines.

(more)

JIMMY (Cont'd)
(looks up at the ceiling)
What? You will?

EXT. DUGOUT

Jimmy is pacing NERVOUSLY. The girls are at attention LISTENING to the end of "The Star Spangled Banner" done by a poor FEMALE OPERA SINGER. It ends and the CROWD CHEERS. Jimmy continues to pace. Stilwell SKIPS INTO the dugout.

STILWELL
(very annoyingly)
You're gonna lose, you're gonna lose.

Jimmy grabs a bat and CHASES him OUT OF the dugout. He stops and walks back. He passes a PLAYER in full catcher's gear -- mask and all.

JIMMY
(to catcher)
Look, Alice, if Shirley hasn't got it, tell me. Don't keep it a secret. You hear me?

She TAKES OFF the mask. It's Dottie.

DOTTIE
You're screaming. I hear you.

Jimmy is SHOCKED.

JIMMY
Where'd you come from?

DOTTIE
We got as far as Yellowstone Park and turned back.

JIMMY
Trouble with bears?

DOTTIE
I just thought if I didn't come back, someday I might wish I did.

JIMMY
Who said you could play? Alice has caught the last five games. And she was pretty damn good.

DOTTIE
You don't want me to play?

JIMMY

Ah, you're already dressed. You wanna play, play. I don't care.

DOTTIE

Well, then. I'll play.

JIMMY

Fine.

She GETS UP and heads for the field.

DOTTIE

You look like shit, Jimmy. Don't you ever comb your hair?

JIMMY

(to himself, excited)
We're gonna win!

Quickly, he picks up a glove and fires it.

ANGLE ON STILWELL

The GLOVE HITS him in the HEAD knocking him down.

ANGLE ON JIMMY

JIMMY

Got him!

ANGLE ON THE SCOREBOARD

It's nothing-nothing in the top of the eighth inning.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

Kit strikes out a Rockford Player. The crowd SCREAMS. It's the third out.

ANGLE ON THE INSIDE OF THE SCOREBOARD

It's like a dungeon. The scoreboard OPERATOR picks up another zero and gets ready to slide it into the scoreboard. A RAT scurries towards him. He picks up a HAMMER and attempts to hammer the rat, which scurries away. He slides the zero into the scoreboard.

ANGLE ON THE SCOREBOARD

The zero appears. The game is scoreless going into the bottom of the eighth.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

Arthur is there with the PROSPECTIVE OWNERS. Arthur is really pumping hard -- selling his little heart out. The others seem very NON-COMMITTAL.

ARTHUR

What a game, huh? Huh? Some game, isn't it?... Look you're so excited, you're speechless.

Arthur is clearly WORRIED.

EXT. BALLPARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Racine is batting. They have two runners on base. Shirley, the Rockford pitcher, gets a sign from Dottie. She pitches and it's a ground ball to Evelyn. She picks it up and throws to second trying to get a force play. Her throw is high and sails into left field. A run scores for Racine.

ANGLE ON THE RACINE DUGOUT

The girls go WILD, including Kit.

ANGLE ON THE SCOREBOARD

A "one" appears in the bottom of the eight for Racine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALLPARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Rockford team is coming off the field. There's a lot of chatter -- "Let's get it back," "Last ups, girls" etc. Jimmy confronts Evelyn as she enters the dugout. He's burning. Evelyn is very FRIGHTENED. Everyone is SILENT waiting for Jimmy's explosion.

JIMMY

Evelyn...

She leans away from him, TERRIFIED.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(holding back his anger)
You're still hurrying that throw.
That's something I'd like you to
work on before next season.

EVELYN

(surprised)
Yes, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Good.

He walks away from her. He blows air OUT. He's exhausted by the effort it took to restrain himself.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Come on, we need a run. Mae, get something started. Something on the field, I mean.

IN RAPID CUTS

WE SEE Mae get a hit, then Doris follow with a hit moving Faye to second. WE SEE Evelyn lay down a bunt advancing them to second and third. WE SEE the next batter pop out.

ANGLE ON THE ON DECK CIRCLE

Dottie gets up and heads for the plate with her bat.

ANGLE ON THE RACINE DUGOUT

CHARLIE, the Manager JUMPS OUT.

CHARLIE

Time.

WE FOLLOW him out to the mound where he meets with Kit and the Racine catcher.

CHARLIE

(to Kit)

Your sister's up.

KIT

I recognize her.

Charlie CHUCKLES.

CHARLIE

Why don't you put her on?

KIT

Huh?

CHARLIE

Intentional walk.

CATCHER

Makes sense. She's awful tough.

KIT

(shakes her head)

I'm gonna get her out.

Charlie and the catcher look at each other. The catcher SHRUGS.

CHARLIE
Okay. Go get her.

He leaves. So does the catcher.

ANGLE ON HOME PLATE

The catcher settles down. Dottie takes her stance. Kit winds and delivers. Dottie swings and hits a screaming line drive near Kit's head. Kit is lowbridged, diving to the dirt as the ball sails over second for a clear single. Mae and Doris both score.

ANGLE ON THE ROCKFORD DUGOUT

They're jumping UP and DOWN.

JIMMY
That's my girl.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

Bob is APPLAUDING WILDLY.

BOB
(to other fans)
That's my wife!

ANGLE ON ARTHUR WITH THE BUSINESSMEN

They stir a little. Arthur APPLAUDS heavily. He senses a little more life among his customers.

ANGLE ON KIT

She could eat her glove.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

Standing on first base. She looks IMPASSIVE. She doesn't look at Kit to rub it in. She doesn't smile. She's all concentration -- all ballplayer.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

The next batter flies out.

ANGLE ON KIT

WE FOLLOW her off the mound. She reaches the dugout and SAGS onto the bench. She BURIES her FACE in her hands. Her teammates and manager pat her on the back. She is INCONSOLABLE.

ANGLE ON THE SCOREBOARD

A "2" appears in the top of the ninth.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

Dottie takes her position behind the plate. She glances briefly at Kit in the dugout and SEES her SLUMPED OVER. She gets down in her crouch and receives warm-up throws. The first Racine batter steps in. She hits the first pitch in the air. Mae comes in and makes a good catch.

ANGLE ON THE ROCKFORD DUGOUT

They're ecstatic..

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

The next Racine batter lines a single.

ANGLE ON THE RACINE DUGOUT

They come to life.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

The next Racine batter hits a high twisting foul pop-up. Dottie flings away her MASK and chases it furiously toward the Rockford dugout. She SLIDES and catches the ball as she crashes down into the dugout.

ANGLE ON THE UMPIRE

UMPIRE

You're out!

Jimmy helps Dottie back on to the field. She's all right. She runs back to her position.

JIMMY

One more! One more, Shirley! Dirt in the skirt!

The crowd is SCREAMING.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR AND THE BUSINESSMEN

A couple of them are up on their feet, now, APPLAUDING. They ELBOW each other, and seem very impressed. Arthur is beginning to feel good about things.

ANGLE ON THE RACINE ON-DECK CIRCLE

Kit is coming up to bat.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She glances over at Kit.

DOTTIE

Time!

Dottie goes OUT TO the mound.

DOTTIE
(to Shirley)
High fastballs. She can't hit 'em
and she can't lay off 'em.

Shirley, very TIRED, NODS.

WE FOLLOW Dottie back to home plate. She passes Kit. They say nothing to each other. Dottie gets down and signals. Shirley pitches. A high fastball. Kit swings hard and misses. She sets herself back in. Shirley pitches. A high fastball. Kit swings hard and misses again.

ANGLE ON THE RACINE DUGOUT

CHARLIE
Kit, lay off that pitch! It's too high!

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

Kit sets herself back in. Shirley pitches. A high fastball. Kit swings and blasts the ball, deep to the outfield. The crowd SCREAMS. Everyone in both dugouts lean out to see. Dottie rips off her mask, REVEALING a stunned expression. The ball sails way over the outfielder's heads and rolls to the fence.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

People are nuts.

Arthur's group of BUSINESSMEN are SCREAMING their heads off.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

The Racine runner who was on base, races home. She scores easily. the ball is thrown back into the infield. Kit is rounding third base. The Racine third base COACH has his arms up in a "stop" sign.

COACH
Hold up! Hold up!!

Kit barrels around third and doesn't slow down at all. The coach, HYSTERICAL, almost reaches out to grab her. She blows right by him.

ANGLE ON THE PLATE

Dottie flings away her mask and sets herself for the play.

ANGLE ON THE ROCKFORD DUGOUT

Jimmy is watching intently.

ANGLE ON HOME PLATE

Dottie is set as the ball is fired in. She grabs it just before Kit arrives. She turns to meet Kit who lowers her shoulder and CRASHES into Dottie VIOLENTLY. Both girls go flying, Kit TUMBLING onto home plate. Dottie goes reeling backward, FLIPPING OVER. The crowd goes SILENT.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE'S HANDS

Her bare hand, holding the ball, separates from her glove hand. As Dottie lands on her back, the bare hand strikes the ground. After a brief moment, the baseball leaks gently OUT OF Dottie's hand, onto the grass.

ANGLE ON THE UMPIRE

UMPIRE

Safe!

The crowd erupts. Bedlam. Kit's teammates race out and LIFT her up. She's GROGGY. They lift her onto their SHOULDERS. She looks back at Dottie. Dottie is helped up by Jimmy. She's a little SHAKEN, but she's okay. She NODS. She watches Kit being carried off. The crowd begins to CHANT 'Kit... Kit... Kit...'

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

Arthur's businessmen, are going nuts. They've just seen a game that's thrilled them. They're congratulating Arthur.

ANGLE ON THE SCOREBOARD

A "2" goes up in the bottom of the ninth. And the final score is posted -- 3-2, Racine.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

Dottie watches Kit being carried off in triumph.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AN HOUR LATER

The Rockford team bus is there. The girls are getting on. Dottie appears. Bob is there waiting for her. He gives her a KISS on the head.

BOB

You okay?

She NODS.

BOB (CONT'D)

Boy, you are some player.

She SMILES.

BOB (CONT'D)
Want a lift?

DOTTIE
I want to ride back with the girls.
I'll meet you at the hotel.

Jimmy passes.

BOB
Jimmy Dugan.
(offers his hand)
Hi, I'm a big fan of yours.

JIMMY
(shakes)
Oh yeah?

BOB
I'm Dottie's husband.

JIMMY
Well, then I'm a big fan of yours.

DOTTIE
Good luck in Witchita.

JIMMY
Witchita? Nah, it's right near
Leavenworth. I don't want to be
that close to my parents.

DOTTIE
You turned down the job?

JIMMY
I got a job.

Jimmy gets on the bus.

BOB
(to Dottie)
I'm sorry you lost.

DOTTIE
I'm glad you were here.

BOB
See you.

Bob leaves. Dottie turns to get on the bus.

KIT (O.C)
Dottie.

Dottie stops. Kit TROTS UP to her. They stand facing each other a moment. They don't speak. Then...

KIT (CONT'D)

Did you drop that ball on purpose?

DOTTIE

Who me? You know I'd do anything to win.

KIT

Yeah, but you never drop the ball.

DOTTIE

You just beat me. You wanted it more than I did.

KIT

(dubious)

Yeah?... I don't know.

There's another AWKWARD pause.

KIT (CONT'D)

Lowenstein says we're coming back next year. More teams. Spring training in Cuba. He says this game put us over.

DOTTIE

That's great.

KIT

You're comin' back next year, aren't you?

DOTTIE

(shrugs)

... We want to have kids.

KIT

You'll be back. You can't stay away.

Dottie SMILES.

KIT (CONT'D)

I'm coming back.

DOTTIE

You should. You're great. You comin' home for the off-season.

KIT

Well, some of the girls are talking about staying around -- looking for jobs or something. I like it here.

DOTTIE
Christmas?

 KIT
Hm? Oh... I don't know. Maybe.
I don't know. Well...

They NOD at each other.

 KIT (CONT'D)
Quite a year, huh?

Dottie NODS. They HUG briefly. Kit starts to walk away.

 DOTTIE
Kit.

Kit stops.

 DOTTIE (CONT'D)
I really didn't get you traded.
I swear.

 KIT
 (believes her)
Yeah... I know...

Pause.

 DOTTIE
I'm sorry you don't like me.

Kit is STARTLED. She looks stricken. She doesn't know what to say.

 KIT
I... do. I... Look, I'm just...
nuts.

They both almost laugh.

 KIT (CONT'D)
But, you know, someday, I'll figure
it all out. And then we'll be
buddies, you'll see.

 DOTTIE
I'm just scared we're gonna drift
away. I'm worried we're not gonna
be as close as sisters should.

 KIT
You never know.

Pause.

DOTTIE

Yeah. I guess you never know.

KIT

Thanks for getting me in the League.

Dottie NODS. Kit walks away.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY - PRESENT

It's a little field in a small town.

WE OPEN ON the flight of a ball pitched towards home plate. WE SEE a bat swing and hit it.

WE then FOLLOW the ball as it bounces across the infield. WE SEE the ball fielded and reveal that it's been fielded by a WOMAN in her LATE SIXTIES. She throws to first retiring a HEAVY WOMAN of the same age. WE SEE that all the PLAYERS are women between sixty and seventy-five. The women WHOOP and CHEER over the play.

WOMAN

Way to go, Marla.

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN

Who fielded the ball. She's an attractive, graceful woman. WE then FOLLOW the baserunner, who is HUFFING and PUFFING back to her teammates.

MAE

Doris, for the last forty years have you done anything but eat.

LAUGHS ALL AROUND

UP AT the plate, a woman raps out a hit.

CHEERS

ANGLE ON A ONE-ARMED MAN ABOUT SEVENTY

He bangs his hand on a bench to APPLAUD.

MAN

Way to go, honey.

ANGLE ON THE LADIES

CHEERING and having fun. Mae is DRINKING BEER from a can. Doris taps her on the arm, then POINTS. Mae looks over, as do some of the others.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She stands there, holding her SUITCASE, a little ill at ease.

DORIS
(to Mae)
Dottie?

Mae fires a ball at Dottie, who SNAP-CATCHES it one-handed.

DOTTIE
Hey, Doris.

MAE
It's Dottie.

DOTTIE
Mae? "All-the-way" Mae?

Mae NODS.

MAE
No one's called me that since...

DORIS
Last night.

Mae LAUGHS. Doris goes over and HUGS Dottie. So do a couple of the others. There are some TEARS. The other team comes in from their positions in the field to join the reunion.

ONE OF THE HUSBANDS
(sotto)
Who's that?

HIS WIFE
Dottie Hinson. Best damn player
in the League.

HUSBAND
I don't remember her.

WIFE
She only played one year.

DORIS
Hey, guess who this is.

A FIFTYISH looking MAN steps forward.

MAN
Hi, Dottie.

Dottie looks at him blankly.

STILWELL
I'm Evelyn Gardner's son, remember?
Stilwell.

DOTTIE
Stilwell, angle? My goodness!
Where's your Mom?

STILWELL
Oh... Mom died a couple of years
ago.

DOTTIE
I'm sorry. She was a real nice
lady. And a damn fine first
baseman.

STILWELL
Yeah... When I heard about this...
well, I just felt I owed it to her
to be here. She said it was the
best year of her life.

ANGLE ON THE WOMEN, SMILING, AGREEING

Marla approaches Dottie. Marla's eyes are very WET.

DOTTIE
Marla?

Marla NODS. They EMBRACE.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
How's...
(can't remember)

MARLA
Nelson?

DOTTIE
Yes.

MARLA
Good. He retired. But our son
runs the farm.

DOTTIE
Oh. Is that the same...

MARLA
Same son. The one you flipped over
at second base.

DOTTIE
(embarrassed)
I still feel bad about that.

MARLA
How's Bob?

DOTTIE
He... He's...

MARLA
When?

DOTTIE
Just this winter.

MARLA
Did Kit come with you?

DORIS
Yeah, where's the old Oregon Rifle?

MAE
Is it true? We heard she married
some real rich guy and had like
a hundred kids.

DORIS
Is she with you?

DOTTIE
Um, I... I don't really... Kit and
I aren't that close.

The others glance at each other, knowingly. Dottie is
EMBARRASSED.

DOTTIE (CONT
See, she stayed in Rockford and
we... I mean we wrote... sometimes
and Christmas, we used to...
exchange... but we're not...

MARLA
Let's play some ball.

Dottie SMILES.

DOTTIE
Dirt in the skirt.

The others REPEAT "Dirt in the Skirt" and happily resume their
game.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY - PRESENT

It's a bright, sunny, beautiful afternoon. WE SEE dozens of
WOMEN in their sixties moving along the street. They're
CHATTERING HAPPILY. WE SEE all the ladies we've seen in the
previous scenes, in the present.

The women get to an area that's quite CROWDED with mostly touristy-looking folks. The ladies' excitement is growing. They look up.

ANGLE ON THE BUILDING

We now SEE that they have reached the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

ANGLE ON THE LADIES

They head up the stairs. WE SEE, in one section of the group, Dottie, Marla, Mae and Doris. Suddenly, Marla stops. She leaves the group and approaches an elderly MAN among the onlookers.

ANGLE ON MARLA AND THE MAN

MARLA
Mr. Capadino?

CAPPY
(sharply)
Huh?

MARLA
Mr. Capadino, it's me, Marla Hooch.
Remember?

CAPPY
(as if challenged)
Of course I remember. I remember
you. Marla Hooch, right?

MARLA
That's right.

CAPPY
See?

MARLA
Did you come for this?

CAPPY
(embarrassed)
For this? No! I... I'm scouting,
I'm... There's a kid in Syracuse,
a second baseman, I'm on my way.
I...

MARLA
As long as you're here, why don't
you come in with us?

CAPPY
 (he really wants to, but protests)
 Oh, I don't know...
 (checks his watch)
 I...
 (then sharply, as of old)
 Sure. Fine. Why not? But I'm gonna smoke. Cigars. Big cigars.

She takes his arm and they go up the steps.

INT. HALL OF FAME

WE PAN the showcases, catching glimpses of photos, artifacts, memorabilia. After photos of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, etc., we stop at a photo of a young Jimmy at the peak of his career.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She's looking at the picture in the showcase. Doris grabs her.

DORIS
 Come on. They're doing it.

The CROWD presses toward a showcase with a curtain over it. An OFFICIAL of the Museum reaches up and removes the curtain. High in the showcase is a sign. "All-American Girls Baseball League 1943-1954." The crowd CHEERS.

ANGLE ON THE LADIES

They SMILE, and CRY, and HUG each other.

ANGLE ON CAPPY

He fights back a SNIFFLE. Towards the back of the group, a WOMAN with thick glasses peers at the showcase.

WOMAN
 Shirley, what's it say?

SHIRLEY
 (reads easily)
 "All American Girls Baseball League
 1943-1954."

ANGLE ON THE SHOWCASE

WE SEE lots of photos commemorating the League.

WE HEAR the ladies begin to sing "The All-American Girls Baseball League" song. It's a sentimental rendition. As they do, we PUSH IN ON photos of teams with captions under them, indicating the team and the year.

We KEEP PUSHING IN ON a photo captioned, "Rockford, 1944."

We KEEP PUSHING IN until we SEE Dottie and Kit, side-by-side, in the picture, SMILING.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She's staring at the picture. She looks WISTFUL. The ladies CONTINUE TO sing. Dottie glances off and her expression changes. She catches her breath.

ANGLE ON KIT

On the other side of the showcase, just joining the crowd is Kit, now in her early sixties. She's with a very large family. A HUSBAND, GROWN CHILDREN and young GRANDCHILDREN. She looks over and SEES Dottie.

ANGLE ON DOTTIE

She stares at Kit. She's very EMOTIONAL.

ANGLE ON KIT

ANGLE ON THEIR PICTURE IN THE SHOWCASE

ANGLE ON KIT

Kit is looking at the picture. Then she looks back over at Dottie.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

They're still singing. Kit and Dottie walk towards each other. They're both CRYING. They reach each other and EMBRACE.

FADE OUT.

THE END